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THE

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THE RING MAKER

By F. R. Higgins

THROUGH you, whose hands have wrought the airy gold
Of crosses and cold elemental cups
For those whose lips kiss God, the stars this night
Draw near ; O may they bless your forge, your fire,
Your flashing anvil and may they light upon
That morsel of raw metal you weld to song.

White smith, in all your living life you need
The blessing of the heavens most tonight
That limber finger, supple wrist may beat
All Ireland's graces to an inch of light
In chaste design, purer than any hymn
Inscribed by angel quills on pastured skin.

So mould the shank ; for that broad circuit take
The cold intensity of mountain lakes
Once graced by saints or country kings ; and place
Two white wee snakes whirlpooling here and there ;
Then to adorn between them, by hell you'll grip
One heart drop from a hill of fairy thorn.

O'Echan Mor, chief jeweller to the courts
Of God, you'll never do a better stroke
Than shaping this grey circuit, O so chaste
Beneath its mound that holds the demon past ;
Bring it to shadowed stillness ; listen, it screams
Cooling itself in rushes cradling a dream.

My thanks ! For unto her—who yearns with heart
All reverence for our hushed holy land,—
Whose mind is gentle, passionate and wise
Deeply in those who share earth's darkest hints—
For her this ring : to keep the artist mind,
The stamina of Ireland, upon her hand

Two Poems by R. N. Currey

FAUST TO HELEN

APART even from the mouths of fire
That grin at me from each path's end,
Have I not bought you far too dear
For palpable air and solid ground ?

Was this the face ? And was the face
That launched the ships a legend too,
A poet's song ; so that I choose
The shadow of a shadow now ?

I hold you in my arms so close
That mingle, mingle, O, we must ;
But what's behind your empty eyes,
And where does your first heart keep tryst ?

Solidity, the old man's friend,
Will take his blessing from my chair,
My hand, my glass ; and I shall find
Contact with nothing except fire.

TRAMP

(FROM ARTHUR RIMBAUD, 1854-91.)

I WANDERED, hands in my torn pockets thrust,
My coat fast losing its reality ;
O Muse, with you for friend beneath the sky,
What splendid loves I conjured from the dust !

A hole in my one pair of trousers, I,
Tom Thumb the dreamer, plucked rhymes by the way ;
My inn was the Great Bear, and where I lay
Stars made a silken rustle in the sky.

I listened, sitting by the roads on fine
September evenings, with the vivid smart
Of dew upon my forehead, like dry wine ;

Or, rhyming while fantastic shadows grew,
Plucked at my torn elastic-sided shoe,
Held like a lyre, a foot against my heart.

Two Poems by W. Bedell Stanford

STREET POOL

NOT so the nymph-haunted, the black rockpools of the Aegean wood,

where moss lies quilted shaggy and green as a shepherd's coat, and sometimes, long before this, Narcissus paused and stood watching his paleness like a flower's head glisten and float till the pathways darkened and thin Echo stilled her fluted note.

No stillness here nor shadows. Instantly these wheel-tyres will shatter composure. And even could we in calmness reflect for a stolen moment the noonday above, taut wires prevent us and fence us down to a vision more civic and circumspect, caging out the unsocial skies.

But in Greece the deep cloudfleck'd oceans of sky seem beckoned lower by tall pinewood spires.

Plunges another wheel. And now a smear of stealthy oil distends as on a living eye the vivid iris grows tarnished and dead when the veil of cataract falls and the lid of blindness descends.

Then, miracle, sight to the Blind, sun flashing over the sickly tissue blends peacock fans of colour, generous green, saffrons, and a suffusion of red.

Surely it came like this when the patriarch on Ararat's gaunt slope saw the once populous world in a slime lying sodden there, and knew no way of hope, till, tense with a dart of promise, through the rainswept air the rainbow dazzled. And he understood the covenant against this hideous, this uncontrollable, despair.

Not so in the nymph-haunted, the black rockpools of the Aegean wood.

THEN IN A HIDDEN VALLEY

THEN in a hidden valley, following the leaf-mottled stream,
towards evening, while the autumn light paled low,
we found an eastward wall and the peaked chancel light
of some forgotten Celtic church.

And leaves dropped hushing down
as in all centuries of that ruined solitude.

Our sad November days are less than momentary
in this long autumn of the Western World.

Only may our memorials be as grave, unquerulous,
asking no pathos, publishing no boast,
in the leaf-drifts and dull November rains,
when priest, and sacristan, and we, have gone.

Two Poems by J. P. Byrne

MARRIAGE

THERE burned more marriage in that kiss you dared,
 Sealing renunciation, than in chill
 And measured rites that church and state applaud ;
 Because my love asked naught but that you gave
 Freely, and we were never yoked nor driven
 In common rut, passion remains yet strong.
 Love, though he find such abstinence hard fare,
 Being aloof, austere, can never slip
 Into familiar custom's slattern gossip :
 Apart, I am yet closer so, uncaring
 Aught of the flesh so that I cling in spirit,
 Nor stale that love to daily bread, cheap bought.
 I knew all marriage in that kiss we shared.

ARTIFICER

I WILL set me cunning vowelled words that hint
 Ice, flame, in patterns intricate as Kells ;
 Lay beaten gold of Ireland's name on page :
 Mingling quick fiery imps in vivid crimson
 With wayward birds of song I take in net,
 My praise the rivered city whence I came,
 The folk to whom my blood is lasting sib.

And, wringing good from Gall, in leprous yellow
 And bitter green I will prick out Hag Hate
 With little peering female demons ringed.

Before I lay down pen at end, give vellum
 In binder's hand, that spirit's debt be paid
 Shall one bright name in burnished gold be lit.

THE LAST FISHING

By Temple Lane

I DID not go with you that night :

I cannot mark the place you stood
 When all the fragrant clinging light
 Drained to the river from the wood.
 Was it a teal or grouse you had ?
 I only know the rise was bad.

And was I selfish, if I wished

To share your secret peace that day ?
 Long in the summer dusk you fished
 Till iris-blades were razor grey,
 And the deep grass was soaked with dew,
 And not a bird took fright at you.

What were your thoughts ? Of boyhood far,

By Kerry waters peat-stained brown :
 The swifter and the kindlier Tarr
 Between Clogheen and Flemingstown :
 Or darting, spotted shadows in
 The sandstone bouldered Araglin ?

Dark grew the river : darker woke

The shapes beneath those winking rings
 Whose frail elastic stretched and broke.

A bat snipped past on stilted wings :
 A breeze of twilight with a sigh
 Wrinkled a pool and stirred your fly.

And so, no longer chasing Day,
This bog-dark river slackened pace.
Upon its heart reflection lay,
Dun-silver as a dead man's face
(Was it so cold, your quiet brow ?
I only feel its whiteness now).

Far out of sight you fish upstream,
But never bring your trophies here :
And leave me to the faithful dream
That, cut by Death's dividing weir,
Through fairer fields unknown to us
The River is continuous.

FROM THE LITTLE BRANCH TO THE NEW ISLAND

By Horace Reynolds

I

IN the late 1880's and early 1890's, some years before the foundation of the Gaelic League, a decade before the hesitant beginnings of the Irish Dramatic Movement and the publication of *The Wind among the Reeds*, the zeal for Irish letters of two American editors, Alfred Williams of *The Providence Journal* and John Boyle O'Reilly of *The Boston Pilot*, drew into the columns of their papers a considerable sheaf of contributions from a recent graduate of Trinity College, Douglas Hyde. President Hyde says that he had almost forgotten writing for these papers at all. Nevertheless, in their dusty files appear for the first time in print some of the now-celebrated *Songs of Connacht*, both in Irish and English ; here are the beginnings of Ireland's discovery of the folk-lore which was to add a strong new string to the bow of both Anglo-Irish poetry and prose. Written for the most part in Ireland and published in *An tOileán Úr*, these articles print for the first time, so far as the young Hyde knows, such celebrated songs as the "Cailín Deas Cruidhte na mBó." In them one hears the first tentative praise of a poet like Blind Raftery whose songs are now well-known in translation to all those who follow the brightness of Anglo-Irish verse. To-day, fifty years after they were written, these articles have the ring of a modest manifesto. The essay on Irish folk-lore, for whose length Hyde finds the excuse that he wishes "to put on record a few examples of a class of literature of which nine-tenths has already perished for lack of someone to preserve it," is an outline of what he is to do for the *Songs of Connacht*. The essay on folk-tales is a plan for the collection of the stories he is later to publish in book form. To read these early articles is to feel the first pulse-flutterings of a nation awakening to a new spiritual life, to recover some of the excitement of the

beginnings of a movement which has added a distinguished chapter to letters in English.

Hyde contributed three long articles and one poem to *The Journal*; eight poems to *The Pilot*, and two original poems of his in Irish were translated and contributed to *The Pilot* by Michael Cavanagh and O'Donovan Rossa. The first of Hyde's contributions was a poem, "St. Columcille's Farewell," in *The Pilot* for August 4, 1888; the last, another poem, "Connacht Love Song," in *The Pilot* for May 27, 1893.

In the years Hyde was contributing to *The Journal* and *The Pilot* he was beginning his life work. He was collecting folk-songs and stories in the West of Ireland, later publishing the songs in two Dublin papers, the tales in *Leabhar Sgeulaichteachta* and *Beside the Fire*. He was writing poems in Gaelic; he was active in the Gaelic Union: he contributed to its journal. The winter of 1890-1 he served as Interim Professor of Modern Languages at the State University of New Brunswick and also collected folk-lore from the Milicete Indians. He contributed English poems to the two anthologies, now landmarks in the history of Anglo-Irish verse: *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland*, and *Lays of the Pan-Celtic Society*. In 1893 he founded the Gaelic League.

II.

HYDE appears first in *The Journal* and *The Pilot* as a collector of folk-songs. In his first article in *The Journal*, "Irish Folk-Songs" (February 16, 1890), he prints some specimens of the folk-songs he has long been gathering in smoky cabins in Connacht. Later in the same year he is to begin to publish these songs serially in a Dublin paper, *The Nation*, later in *The Weekly Freeman*. They appeared in seven chapters: Carolan and his Contemporaries, Songs in Praise of Women, Drinking Songs, Love Songs, Songs ascribed to Raftery, and two chapters of Religious Songs. The last four chapters have been reissued in book form. Literary histories have hitherto assumed that their first appearance was in these two Dublin papers, but now we know that as early as 1889 Hyde was beginning to print specimens of these songs in *The Pilot* and *The Journal*.

The form of Hyde's first article in *The Journal* is the form of the book that is to be the favourite reading of Synge and many

of the young Irish poets of his generation : *The Love Songs of Connacht*. In this article Hyde strings the songs on a thread of running comment and explanation, printing the songs in Gaelic just as he took them down from the lips of the peasants, with an English translation. Except that the prose comment is not in the English of the Irish-thinking peasant of the West, as it is in *The Love Songs*, the following passage from Hyde's article might well be a page out of that book. I omit the original Irish of the poems.

The heart-cry from someone, probably a girl, strikes the key note to a number of others, and certainly the note is a true one.

They tell me that love is a small thing,
It is petty and mean, they say,
But oh ! but it's woe for who has it,
For a month, or a week or a day.

It is probably a girl also who made these lines, and the tree which aroused such recollections must have been the one under which she and her lover often sat.

There is growing a tree in the garden
With flowers of gold that shake,
I lay my cold hand on its branches,
And feel that my heart will break.

Full of the instinct of preservation, Hyde is here collecting and printing what he knows will otherwise be soon lost for ever, the songs of the peasant. Not the songs of the bards, early or late, or songs like "Seán O'Dwyer an Glanna," "Róisín Dubh," "Ceann Dubh Dílis," which, although anonymous, are, and have been, famous for generations, and have been printed ; not these, but the songs made by the anonymous peasant, men and women who have been moved by some strong experience to express themselves in songs which have never been near print, whose only existence is in the memories of men who are rapidly losing the language in which they are sung. These songs are to the Irish-speaking districts what the English street-ballads are to the English-speaking sections of Ireland. They have survived, handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation because the people loved them.

Their quality does much to show how widely diffused among the Irish people is the gift for poetry: they do much to substantiate the claim that the Irish people is a good poet. They are mostly love songs; they are not for the most part political, like "Seán O'Dwyer an Glanna," nor do they glorify Ireland in the guise of a beautiful maiden as do such old favourites as "Eibhlin A Rúin," or "Róisín Dubh." They are songs of unmistakable personal feeling and emotion, and where the bardic and standard songs make much use of Gaelic and Classical allusion, mixing in one breath Pan and Angus Og, Hector and Cuchulain, Helen and Deirdre, Priam and Conchobar, using a great name from Greek or Celtic legend as the Renaissance architects used a Classical detail to embellish their buildings, these songs draw their imagery from nature, or more rarely, from religious ritual, or a romance so dimly remembered that its figures have become as anonymous as those in a fairy tale. In these songs Hyde has collected, a woman is not more beautiful than Venus or Grania, but her neck is like the swan's; her kiss, sweeter than the honey on the table; her breasts like snow on the mountains, or the blossoms of the bushes; or, more rarely when the image is not from nature, she is like a candle-stick of gold on the table of a queen. The disappointed lover compares his heart to a riven tree, or a black coal in a forge, or a bush in a gap in a wall. He will not cease to love until his narrow coffin is fashioned from fresh boards, or, to give his images the symmetry of a verse,

Until watercress shall grow through the middle of the fire,
And until the trout come to look for it;
Until the starlings shall lose their bills,
And until a blackbird is made of the thrush.

They are simple, unadorned songs, intense as a cry, sprung straight from the moved heart of the man or woman who made them in sorrow.

In addition to these love songs, Hyde also prints some drinking songs, and three stanzas of one of the songs of the nineteenth century Connacht bard, Blind Raftery. The drinking songs are not very thirst-provoking. Evidently Irish is not the language Scots is for celebrating the joys of strong drink. If Hyde gives us here the best of the drinking songs, we have not lost much from his failure to reprint them in book form, although this

quatrain has in the last two lines the headlong rush of Anglo-Irish :

There's a table in the hall
 And it written on the wall
 "Wherever you're from at all,
 Sit down and be drinking."

When Hyde first writes of these songs in *The Journal*, he is feeling his way among them. There is ample evidence of this. Between the appearance of this essay and *The Love Songs* he learned much more about them. For example, he gives here as two separate fragments, one of them the heart-cry from "probably a girl," the other presumably from a man, what he prints in *The Love Songs* as twelve successive lines of "The Pretty Pearl of the White Mountain." And he gives us three separate fragments, again one of them from "probably a girl," the other two presumably from men, lines all of which belong to that well-known song, "The Red-Haired Man's Wife," as he prints it in *The Love Songs*. Not only this : there is other evidence that he is learning of these songs as he prints them. Although he writes at the end of these selections :

I have not the slightest doubt that every one of the pieces which I have here quoted sprang directly from the heart of some lover, or some sufferer who composed them. There is not the slightest appearance about them of having been in any way manufactured.

Yet one of the pieces he has just quoted is this :

If all the sea were ink,
 And all the land were paper white,
 And every swan that swims,
 Should give his quills so smooth and bright,
 And all the clerks in England
 Around one board were set to write,
 One-half my maiden's sweetness
 It would fail them to indite.

Now he who reads that song surely must feel, even through the translation, that it has every sign and earmark of something manufactured : it sprang from the head, not the heart, of the lover who made it ; it is the compliment of a gallant to his mistress. Sigerson quotes a variant of it in *The Poets and Poetry*

of Munster, Second Series, where he describes it and another as "clearly the productions of more educated men."

In a long passage in his article in *The Journal* Hyde points out what he calls the "inconsequentness" of these songs, how they break off unexpectedly, how the highest sentiment will be cheek by jowl with the lowest bathos, how it is seldom that three successive stanzas preserve the sense unbroken. All this is explained if we remember what is too seldom remembered, that these poems are the words of songs to be sung, that what Hyde is collecting are lyrics for songs. In Miss Charlotte Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry* there is a pat passage to explain the "inconsequentness" of these songs :

They are remembered and sung by the village maid, perhaps merely for the sake of the tunes that accompany them ; of course, if recollection fails, it is made up with invention ; any words, in this case, will serve if they answer to the air of the Song ; and thus, often, not words alone, but entire lines, are substituted, so totally unlike the rest of the composition, that it is easy to see whence the difference proceeds. Sometimes too, if a line or a stanza be wanting, to a silly song, the first of any other one that occurs, is pressed into service ; and by this means, among a heap of lyric nonsense, one often finds a thought that would do honor to the finest composition.

The converse of Miss Brooke's last proposition is as true as all her doctrine here quoted : if the singer's memory fails him for a line or a stanza of a fine song, he may putty up the crack with a bit of nonsense. If when we read these songs, we bear in mind the habits of man as a singing animal, much of what we will otherwise find confusing will be easily understood. A bacchanalian stanza from the celebrated "Cailín Deas Crúidhte na mBó," "Pretty Girl Milking the Cows," which Hyde gives us in his *Journal* article is a case in point :

I spent seven weeks of my life time
 In the house of old Shamus O'Hall,
 A blind piper making us music
 And punch on the table for all.
 And there I was left lying speechless
 My feet they refused me to go,
 And that's when I should have been rousing
 My colleen d'yas croot-ye na mo.

In this fragment, unless I am mistaken, only the refrain belongs to "The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows." Certainly in the other versions of the song there is nothing like the rollicking sentiment of the first six lines of this piece. What has happened is that the singer, forgetting some of the words of the song, has filled it out with two lines from another song with which he was familiar.

With few exceptions, up to the time of Hyde, Irish verse was unfortunate in its translators. It was the Ossianic trumpet which raised Irish literature in general from the dead, and the earliest translators of Irish song wrote inevitably the elegant diction of the 18th century with its formal rhythms and latinized vocabulary. It is only in the occasional prose translation that we can hear any of the rhythms of the original.

Miss Brooke in order "to vindicate my fidelity as a translator" gives a prose, but not a literal, version of Carolan's Gracey Nugent.

I will sing with rapture of the Blossom of Whiteness !

Gracey the young and beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners and accomplishments, from all the Fair-ones of the provinces

The Queen of soft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching tresses flowing in ringlets.

Compare this with the versified version :

Of Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing !

Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring ;

To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,

Each rival Fair the palm of Love resign'd.

How blest her sweet society to share !

To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair ;

Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien ! ...

Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a Queen !

The regular sing-song rhythm of the couplet destroys all the wavering tune of the original. But the rhythms of the prose translation evoke the mood of the original Irish ; one hears in them movement as definitely in the Irish mode as Blind Raftery's praise of Mary Hines which Yeats is fond of quoting in Lady Gregory's English :

O star of light and O sun in harvest,

O amber hair, O my share of the world,

It is Mary Hines, the calm and easy woman,

Has beauty in her body and in her mind.

With the slightest of shaping Miss Brooke's prose version becomes almost as Irish in mode as the lines from Raftery :

O blossom of whiteness,
O queen of soft and winning mind,
Gracey, the young and beautiful woman,
Bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners.

For the sake of further comparison take the last two stanzas of Theophilus O'Flanagan's literal translation of "Deirdre's Lament for the Children of Usna" :

I forsook the delight of Ulad,
For the three heroes most beloved ;
My life will not be long ;
After them, solitary am I.

I am Deirdri without joy,
And I in the end of my life ;
Since to be after them is misfortune,
I will not be longer.

Compare them with the versified version by William Leahy :

With three belov'd—and gen'rous chiefs to go,
I fled Ultonia's beauteous scenes,—divine !—
In cheerless gloom, and solitary woe,
While painful life continues, now I pine !

No radiant beam of joy my soul receives !
No friendly tongue can soothe my flowing grief !
No cold revenge my mighty loss retrieves !
No human aid can give me now relief !

Oh ! —— Death at length my sinking form invades !
The vital blood my veins no longer warms :—
Now—now I join the three great martyr'd shades !—
Receive me, Naisi, in thy blood-stain'd arms !

Here is the intense expression of emotion, not the expression of intense emotion, even the punctuation is intense, and over it all lies the shadow of Pope.

I make these comparisons to show that when these poems are literally translated, or freely translated into prose, even by

those whose ears are dominated by the heroic couplet, direct translation of the Irish idiom brings into English a distinctive rhythm in which one catches the tune of the original Irish. But the literal translations are rare at this time. O'Daly, to be sure, gave us some literal translations in his *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, 1844, but they are interlinear translations and so almost without sentence rhythm. Edward Walsh, who versified the literal translations, uses a less rigidly formal rhythm than either Leahy or Furlong, but the curse of Pope's *Homer* still lies on the heroic passages, and the diction is still elegant with the usual inversions. Mangan and Ferguson, of course, brought sometimes into their translations the national rhythms which Moore captured occasionally, the rhythm of the Gaelic song dictating an Irish rhythm for the English words. George Sigerson translated the Gaelic songs in O'Daly's second collection, *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series, 1860. Under the pseudonym, Eironnach, this young man of twenty-one produces the most satisfactory translations yet made from the Gaelic up to that time. He has cast off the 18th century couplet, his diction is rarely elegant or artificial, and he has a feeling for symmetry and style. Hyde owes him much, as the dedication to *The Love Songs* acknowledges. Let us look for a moment at the last stanza of "Death's Doleful Visit" where Sigerson translates just the sort of song Hyde is later to collect. O'Daly describes this song in words that are close to those Hyde himself uses in his article in *The Journal*:

This song is the effusion of an artless country girl to an unfaithful swain, and is characterized by that simplicity of style and language peculiar to the humbler classes of the Irish peasantry.

Here is Sigerson's translation :

My love ! my heart's own neighbour !
 How lorn am I tonight—
 How dark I'll be tomorrow,
 And you upon your flight !
 You've broke life's wall before me,
 And death's chill blast blows o'er me,
 Yet take one kiss, my darling,
 Before you leave my sight !

Except for the fancy "lorn," this is almost the prose English of *The Love Songs*, and how lovely it is in metaphor and movement!

I give a stanza from another one of Sigerson's translations from the peasant songs, "A Lament after Marriage," better known as "The Twisting of the Rope," a song that has a folk-tale with it which Yeats retells in "The Secret Rose," and Hyde has used as the basis for a play in Irish:

If the cat had cows he surely could wed himself high !
Ah ! without them he who should be wed never need try ;
To the blear'd hag-daughter I vow'd last night to be true,
And my own fair *cailín*—Heav'n knows what she'll do !

Hyde also translates this song in *The Love Songs* under the title of "An Súisín Bán," "The White Coverlet," but unfortunately the version from which Hyde translates is not close enough to Sigerson's original to allow any direct comparison of the two translations. But certainly in his verse translations Hyde has given us nothing much nearer to the spirit of the original than the two translations I have just quoted from Sigerson.

In Hyde's prose translations these peasant songs finally find their most natural and beautiful English. Sloughed off at last is all taint of the 18th century rhythm and vocabulary; gone are the periphrases, the inversions, the latinized vocabulary, the orthographical intensity of exclamation point and dash. The rhythms of the original Irish, no longer broken by beating against the close walls of the heroic couplet, flow unchecked into the infinitely varied phrases of English prose rhythm; and the plain natural language of these songs is now released in appropriate English, the English of the Irish peasant of the West, who has carried into English inborn habits of speech in Irish.

All this is true of Hyde's prose translations. It is not true of his verse translations, beautiful as some of these are. In his verse translations Hyde, like Sigerson before him, often borrows the 18th century rhymes in *ing* and *tion*; he is sometimes addicted to polysyllables: the unfortunately used word *commotion* and others like it are too frequent; he is often careless in rhythm and choice of word. When he revised the translations he published in *The Journal* and *The Pilot* for their printing in *The Love Songs*, he often loosened his rhythm and simplified his diction; but thinking only of the Gaelic, he grows careless again in the *Songs*.

ascribed to Raftery and *The Religious Songs*. But he is the first to use the peasant dialect for literary purposes, and Synge, Lady Gregory, and Yeats, among others, here owe him the homage due the pioneer.

III.

ALTHOUGH Hyde published only fragments of these love songs in his article in *The Journal*, he gave several complete to the columns of *The Pilot*. The first of these to appear, September 7, 1889, was the now well-known "Brow of Nefin," a song which takes its name from a mountain in the West of the County Mayo. This song is rich in delicate epithet, and images from things, felt, seen, and heard. "My heart like a coal is extinguished!" cries the man who made this song out of his sorrow; having given his heart to one who would not accept it, he is

Like a tree on a mountain all riven
Without blossom or leaflet or spray;

and his love is "the flower of all maidens of magic."

The next song, "Ullachan Dubh O," "Dark Little Head O," appears in *The Pilot* for October 19, 1889. As it was not reprinted in *The Love Songs*, I give it here.

Can I wile thee away, love, to visit my Mayo,
My Ullahawn duv o,
To visit our clime for a time, and to stay, oh
My Ullahawn duv o;
Where hues of the heather together blend,
And ocean's commotions the cold rocks rend,
Amid showers of flowers what hours would we spend!
Oh my Ullahawn duv o.

There the eagle should scream with his wildest of screams,
For my Ullahawn duv o,
And the heavens should beam with their beamiest beams
On my Ullahawn duv o.
We would love as they loved in the world's young prime,
And live as they lived in earth's early time,
Neither feeling the course nor the force of time,
My own Ullahawn duv o.

There the deer without fear at the sound of the voice
 Of my Ullahawn duv o.
 Would come near to my dear, and the echoes rejoice
 With my Ullahawn duv o,
 And the fox from his rocks would peep timid and shy,
 And would stare at us there with his careless brown eye,
 And the eagle alight from his flight upon high
 Near my Ullahawn duv o.

By the murmur of streams where the beams are just glancing,
 My Ullahawn duv o,
 Or away o'er the bay where the warm ray is dancing,
 My Ullahawn duv o,
 We should wander and wonder in nature's embrace,
 And gaze in amaze on her changing face ;
 She should throw, as I know, all her beauty and grace
 On my Ullahawn duv o.

This is a variant of a song printed by Hardiman which, he says, was composed "by one of the unfortunate sufferers expelled from Ulster in the reign of James I." There is another variant, closer to Hyde's song, printed in the *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society* (Vol. xxvi, p. 6) from the Bunting Collection. In both the Hardiman and Bunting versions the lover invites his mistress to Leitrim, not, as in Hyde's song, to Mayo. The song well illustrates the strained diction which accompanies all of Hyde's attempts to reproduce the rhyme richness of the original songs.

In *The Irish Exile* (September 6, 1890) another Jacobean gentleman who was forced to fly from Ulster expresses his sorrow in a song. If, as Hyde says, "the original is very pathetic"—he does not give the Irish beside the English in *The Pilot*, as he does in *The Journal*—the translation is not.

Attached to "The Curlew Mountains," printed July 16, 1892, is a note announcing the forthcoming publication of *The Love Songs* :

This is a typically Irish song, it changes its tone and shifts its thoughts and allusions so often and abruptly. I am publishing this and other poems in my "Songs of the Connacht Bards," where I hope to print about forty love songs peculiar to Connacht. Winter and Summer, the loch and the mountain, love and the chase are here mixed up in a manner quite characteristic and peculiar to Gaelic peasant songs.

Hyde changed his mind : he did not reprint this in *The Love Songs*, and that without doubt is the book referred to in his note. Parts of this song are gayer than any of the other love songs :

I think of my mountain late and early
Where blossoms are golden and glad and gay.

But the mood changes quickly, and in the last stanza we have :

I am as a man that is ever dying
For the lack of the jewel his eyes would see.
Oh ! will you not visit me where I am lying,
And take God's blessing and comfort me ?

The last two love songs to appear in *The Pilot* allow us to compare the song made by the peasant with the song made by the bard. The first of these two songs, the much-anthologized "Ringleted Youth" (July 30, 1892) is one of the most melodious of all *The Love Songs*. It contains the lovely phrase, "star of knowledge," by which the Connacht peasant expresses what he has felt : that love, like pain, opens the windows of the senses, making man intensely aware of what is about him. In this song, as in "The Brow of Nefin," the imagery is from nature seen with the eye. In the "Connacht Love Song" (May 27, 1893), which Hyde reprinted in *The Love Songs* under the title, "I Shall Not Die for Thee," the images are from nature through the bard's reading and hearing, while the sentiment is more sophisticated, more recorded than felt : it lacks both the simplicity and intensity of the peasant songs.

The golden locks, the forehead thin,
The quiet mien, the gracious ease,
The rounded heel, the languid tone,
Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
Thy thin palm like foam of the sea ;
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
I shall not die for thee.

Woman, graceful as the swan,
A wise man did rear me, too,
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
I shall not die for you.

In addition to these songs of the Connacht peasantry, Hyde also contributed to *The Pilot* two translations, one from the beginning, the other from the end, of the literature in Irish : "St. Columcille's Farewell" ; and a poem from the Irish of the 18th century Munster bard, Tadhg Gaolach O'Sullivan. The exiled saint in his poem creates what almost amounts to an Irish poetical form : the lament of the exile for his native Ireland. Standing up in the boat which bears him to Iona, straining his eyes for the last sight of his beloved Ireland, he becomes a symbol of the expatriated Irishman in whose image millions of his countrymen have sailed away from Ireland into exile. The translation from the 18th century Cork bard, "The Judgement" (January 2, 1890), is a poem written in the poet's youth before, like Donne, his conscience smote him for the indiscretions of his earlier verse and he turned to religious poetry entirely. It is in the full-throated Munster manner, a description of the Day of Judgment when God "shall shake down the sun from his seat, and the cloud-face of darkness shall lower." O'Sullivan died in 1800, and the County Clare poet, with the magnificent name of Donough Mac Connara, wrote a Latin epitaph on him. From an Irish translation of this by Thomas Flannery, a Gaelic scholar, who lived in London, and a friend of Hyde, T. O'Neill Russell made an English translation which was printed in *The Pilot* for April 14, 1886. Hyde reprinted both of his translations : "St. Columcille's Farewell" in *The Three Sorrows of Storytelling and Ballads of St. Columcille* ; "The Judgment" in *The Religious Songs of Connacht*.

The Pilot also gives us a glimpse of Hyde as poet in the two languages of his country. "Canadian Winter" regrets in English verse the seven-months Canadian winter, the poet, tiring of the white, dreams of the green that has lain so long hid. In his English poems not on Irish subjects Hyde seldom wrote distinctively. Like Mangan, he needs the whip of Irish subjects to be individual. Two of the poems Hyde wrote in Irish were translated by other hands for readers of *The Pilot*. The first of these, "Hate versus Love," which appeared in *The Pilot* for April 25, 1885, was translated by Michael Cavanagh, an enthusiastic Irish-American Gaelic scholar. In this poem Hyde decries the awful hate and bitterness which has consumed the Irish intellect for hundreds of years and was to reach perhaps its height at the time of the

Parnell Split. The other poem is "Smainte Broin," "Mournful Musings." Two translations of this poem appeared in *The Pilot* (November 21, 1885 and March 20, 1886, respectively), one by Michael Cavanagh, another by O'Donovan Rossa, the well-known Irish nationalist who was then living in New York and editing a paper there. Michael Cavanagh's translation is by far the better of the two. In his English the first stanza creates a mood. As specimens of Hyde's Irish verse in translation are rare, I give the first stanza of Cavanagh's version.

The night is oppressively gloomy ; I see not one glimmering star,
And gloomy and heavy the musings that flit through my bosom are.
Not one sound of life is around me, all nature is silent save where,
O'er head, with strokes long-drawn and weary, the plover are beating the air,
And swift as a shot speeds the curlew—its shrill whistle cleaving the night,
And harsh comes the cry of the wild-geese—through upper air winging their flight ;
But no human sound in my ears fall—'tis that points the grief I endure,
Not one sound of life save the wild scream and call of the birds o'er the moor.

In the collection of these peasant songs, Hyde was for all practical purposes without a predecessor. As he himself says simply in his article in *The Journal* :

These songs have found no one to preserve them, no one to be interested in them, and they are dying out so rapidly that most of the specimens of them which I shall give here are probably even now irrecoverable.

I say "for all practical purposes," because Patrick Lynch, whom Bunting describes simply as "a person versed in the Irish tongue," collected many of these songs from the Irish-speaking peasants in the Midlands, the West, and the South, but Bunting did not print the Irish words in his book, and they have only recently been printed by the Irish Folk Song Society. Animated by the

cultural nationalism that was stirring all Europe in the middle of the 19th century, men like Hardiman, Walsh, and O'Daly set about collecting the songs of Ireland. But Hardiman, who, like Lynch, collected songs from all parts of Ireland, and Walsh and O'Daly, who confined themselves pretty much to Munster, collected the songs of the bards and the standard songs, and they took their pieces mostly from manuscripts, few from the lips of the peasantry. Of course, occasionally, a peasant song like the "Death's Doleful Visit," which I have spoken of, did intrude itself into these collections, but in them such songs are rare. But if Hyde was almost without a predecessor he has had a very industrious and effective successor in the Irish Folk Song Society. Unlike Hyde, this society is as interested in collecting the music as it is the words of these songs.

IV.

IN his *Journal* article, "Some Words on Irish Folk-Lore" (August 24, 1890), Hyde does for the folk-tales of the Irish-speaking peasants of Connacht what he had done in his preceding *Journal* article for their songs. He points out that these folk-tales, like the folk-songs, are dying with the language that enwombed them, casts a glance of envy at the rich harvest that Campbell of Islay had gathered in Scotland, and then proceeds to examine critically the work of the handful of collectors of Irish folk-lore who have preceded him.

These previous attempts have been too casual and unscientific—that is Hyde's principal charge against the work of his predecessors. Of the first of these, Crofton Croker, Hyde says :

Crofton Croker's delightful book "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," first published anonymously in 1825, led the way. All the other books that have been published on the subject have but followed in the footsteps of his; but all have not had the merit of his light style, his pleasant parallels from classical and foreign literature, and his delightful annotations, which touch, after a manner peculiarly his own, upon all that is of interest in his text. But the word "text" conveys the idea of an original to be annotated upon, and Crofton Croker is, alas, too often his own original. There lies his weak point, and

the weak point of all his successors as well. The form in which the stories are told is, of course, Croker's own, but no one who knows anything of fairy lore will suppose that his manipulation of the original is confined to the form merely. The fact is that he learned the groundwork of his tales from conversations with the Southern peasantry, whom he knew well, and then elaborated these over the midnight oil, with great skill and delicacy of touch, in order to give a readable book thus spiced to the English public.

And what Hyde here says of Croker's tales he doubtless thought of his friend Yeats' volume of folk-stories, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*.

What is true of Croker's collection is partially true of that of his successor, Patrick Kennedy. He gives no sources, and we do not know how much of his book is Kennedy and how much, the Wexford peasant. Lady Wilde also gives no sources, she does not tell us from whom she got her stories or in what parish or county, and she has no Irish. And Jeremiah Curtin, Hyde's immediate predecessor, although "he has certainly approached much nearer to the fountain head than any of his predecessors," unhappily must have collected his tales through the medium of an interpreter, he gives no sources, except to say that he collected these tales in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal, and Hyde objects to the American idiom into which Curtin translates his tales.

Ignorance of Gaelic, according to Hyde, is the rock on which all these collectors have foundered. They did not realize or observe why these folk-stories must not be divorced from the language in which they have their existence :

For folk-lore can only find a fitting garment in the language that comes from the mouths of those whose minds are so primitive that they retain with pleasure those tales which the sophisticated invariably forget ; for this reason folk-lore must always be presented in an uncertain and unsuitable medium whenever the contents of the stories are divorced from their original expression in language.

It was this belief that led Hyde to be the first to take down both folk-song and folk-tale directly from the mouths of the peasants. Some of these stories he had printed the year before in a little

volume, *Leabhar Sgeulaichteachta*, or Story Book. And it was this theory that led him when he translated some of these stories for a wider audience to make use of the language which most nearly approximated the Gaelic of the original, the English of Connacht.

As Hyde distinguished the songs of the bards from the songs of the peasant, so he divides Irish folk-lore into two classes, stories which had a conscious genesis upon Irish soil, and those which had not. And again he relinquishes the work of the bard in favour of the work of unconscious genesis. Like Curtin he is particularly interested in those tales which preserve ancient myths. He gives an account of a tale, "The Boy Who was Long on his Mother," in which are to be found traces of a sun myth. In this story Hyde thinks he finds a link between the Sun God and the doer of impossible tasks, Hercules, which supports Rhys's theory that Hercules was a sun god. In another story, underneath the metaphor of a boat which sails with equal swiftness over land and sea, he detects the remains of an ancient nature myth of the clouds. Another man is lured, this time by a bird, to the Celtic Hades where he remains the proverbial year and a day with his mother.

Then he goes on to give us a synopsis of "The King of Ireland's Son," printed in *Beside the Fire*, which begins with the raven-blood-snow motif with which we are familiar from the story of Peredur and the story of Deirdre. For this story he points out a parallel in the Danish story of "The Traveller," also a Czech parallel, "George with the Goat," translated in Mr. Whatislaw's collection of folk stories from Slavonic sources. And later, in his next *Journal* article, he is to give us an interesting parallel for it he has discovered among the Milicete Indians.

As Hyde's article in *The Journal* on Irish folk-song anticipated the appearance of his influential *Songs of Connacht*, so this article on Irish folk-lore looks forward to his collection of folk-tales, *Beside the Fire*. Indeed this article in *The Journal* revamped and lengthened forms the preface to that book, which Henley praised highly and which, according to Yeats, caused York Powell to say of its author, "If he goes on as he has begun, he will be the greatest folk-lorist who has ever lived."

But Hyde did not go on: the Gaelic League absorbed the folk-lorist as it also absorbed the poet. But others carried on the

work to which Hyde's *Beside the Fire* gave so much impetus. When Larminie collected his tales of the coast of Connacht and Donegal, he gave narrator and place for each tale, and although he did not print the Irish originals of his tales, he translated them with scrupulous care, a fidelity which is attested by the way the style varies, not so much with the narrator as with what he narrates. As Larminie points out in his preface :

It seems from this as if some of the tales had a certain indestructibility of style, an original colour which passed unaltered through the minds of perhaps generations of reciters, this colour being determined at first by the character of the subject.

That an original Gaelic style can sift down to us through translation, the stories translated from P. Minahan's telling amply avouch, for the English Larminie has found for his tales is as crisp, economical, and distinctive as Ernest Hemingway's.

Jeremiah Curtin, of whose shaky Gaelic and Americanese Hyde complains in his article in *The Journal*, went on to make two more collections of Irish folk-tales, doing in these volumes for Munster what Hyde had done for inland Connacht, and Larminie had done for the coasts of Connacht and Donegal. These books, *Hero Tales of Ireland* and *Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World*, appeared in 1894 and 1895, respectively. In both these volumes Curtin took Hyde's advice to heart, for he gives in each case narrator and locality. As a matter of fact Curtin has never received the recognition he should have had for his collections of Irish folk-lore. After all if Alfred Nutt's opinion is to be trusted, and certainly he is a qualified judge, Curtin has done for Ireland what Campbell of Islay did for Scotland. In the preface to Curtin's *Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World* Nutt writes :

By the publication of his two volumes, *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* and *Hero-Tales of Ireland*, as well as the large collection which, as yet, has only appeared in the Sunday edition of *The Sun* (New York), he has proved himself the foremost collector of Irish oral literature, and has brought together an amount of material which, for intrinsic interest, holds its own by the side of Campbell of Islay's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*.

As Hyde himself has taught us to realize, this is high praise indeed, and Curtin has received little recognition for his accomplishment. "The large collection, which, as yet, has only appeared in the Sunday edition of *The Sun*," referred to above by Nutt, comprises the fifty tales which Curtin collected for Charles Dana in his second visit to Ireland in 1892. As only twenty-four of these tales were reprinted from *The Sun*, twenty-six are as yet unpublished in book form.

It was Yeats who, according to her own words, set Lady Gregory collecting folk-lore in Galway; it is natural that she should follow in his footsteps. She has collected stories and legends from the peasants of Galway, as Yeats did in the County Sligo, and passed them through the mould of a literary temperament like Crofton Croker and Yeats before her. But she is careful to give narrator and place, and she attempts the peasant dialect.

To men like Campbell of Islay and Douglas Hyde, who are primarily collectors with all the collector's passion for the inviolate integrity of the precious thing collected, it seems, to quote Campbell, "as barbarous to polish a genuine popular tale as to adorn the bones of a Megatherium with tinsel, or gild a rare old copper coin." But in more sensuous and subjective natures the itch to shape all things to a personal pattern is stronger than the instinct for inviolate preservation.

V.

IN Hyde's last article in *The Journal*, "On Some Indian Folk-Lore" (April 12, 1891), we catch a glimpse of the Irish folk-lorist in action on North American soil. This article is an account of the expedition on which he made his richest find of Indian folk-stories.

One of the men with him was a half-breed Milicete, son of a Hudson Bay French voyageur, who had become so Indianized he never spoke anything but Indian to his children. His French vivacity and exuberance breaking through the Indian taciturnity in him made him the best story teller of the four, and from him Hyde got his best stories. Baiting his hook with some Irish stories of his own, Hyde at once began to fish the pond of the

half-breed's memory. He discovered that many of the half-breed's stories seemed to have filtered into Indian from French Canadian, and Scotch and Irish Gaelic sources, which is not surprising when we remember that many of the voyageurs were Scotch.

Among the stories of European origin known to the half-breed were the story of the Merchant of Venice in an amusing Indian variant, and the most indecent of the stories from *The Decameron*, "How They Sent the Devil Back into Hell." Among the stories Hyde takes to be of unmistakable Indian origin are parallels for both "The King of Ireland's Son," and "The Tailor and the Three Beasts," two Irish folk-tales which Hyde had taken down in Irish from the peasants in the West and printed in *Beside the Fire*.

Had Hyde not founded the Gaelic League and immersed himself in propaganda for the revival of the Irish language, he might well have become the great folk-lorist to which these early articles show him to be apprenticed. But, unlike Yeats who has regretted the years lost to self in propaganda, Hyde has found in them a great satisfaction, realizing himself in the triumph of his cause. "My aim," he writes me, "was to save the Irish language from death—it was dying then as fast as ever it could die—and that ambition did not lend itself to English writing except for propagandist purposes, and such propaganda would not have interested an American paper, so I ceased to write for it." Hyde ceased to write for *The Journal* and *The Pilot*. Instead he gave Ireland back her Irish.

CAIN

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Mary Devenport O'Neill

TIME AND PLACE

The action of this play is supposed to take place a few years after the expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

The scene should suggest noonday with stillness and strong sunlight. On one or both sides there should seem to be rocks or rocky cliffs among which the echoes sit.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ADAM—Adam is big, fairhaired and loosely built. He wears a short tunic of large overlapping leaves.

EVE—is slight, dark and subtle looking. She also wears a tunic of leaves and a twist of creeper plant on her head to keep off the sun.

CAIN—Cain is tall slight and dark. He too wears a tunic of large leaves. He looks about twenty years old.

ABEL—Abel is younger than Cain and not so tall. He is slight and golden haired. Instead of the tunic of leaves he wears a lambskin, and carries a reed pipe in his hand.

DEATH—Death is a young woman dressed in a tight skin-fitting garment of cold silver. The slippers on her feet are of cold silver also the close fitting covering of her head. Over her silver garment she has a transparent moth-coloured veil or scarf wrapped many times round her. She looks like an illusion or a trick of light.

The wrapping and unwrapping of the veil is an important part of the dance, but all through the play her face remains heavily veiled.

ECHOES—Young men and women dressed in grey-blue, the colour of the rocks, and almost undistinguishable from them. They speak the lines for the dancers if the dancers don't wish to speak, or they catch up the dancers' words and repeat them.

(*A low murmur of music is heard. ADAM and EVE come in from the left. They are carrying large bundles of heather for bedding. They walk, speak and make all their movements to music.*)

EVE : Here is cool shade
Let's sit for a while and rest.

(*She puts down her bundle right in front of the stage close to the footlights and sits down leaning against it.*)

ADAM : We two are always very pleased to rest.

(*He puts down his bundle and sits down leaning against it, close to the footlights facing EVE.*)

EVE : No wonder if that's true
When even our children trained to work
Grow lazy in the sultry noon.

ADAM : They're most extremely different our two sons
Abel is young and gay,
But Cain is strange.

EVE : Abel was a child when we left Eden,
But Cain was old enough to hear the tale
Of Death whom we shall meet one day,
And for whose sake we shall forsake the sky.

(*CAIN rushes in from the Right and looks round as if searching for something. He carries a shallow basket made of rushes in which he has gathered roots and berries.*)

There's Cain.

ADAM : Aye, there he goes
As always following after what seems nothing,
Or only perhaps the shadow of a bird
And talking to the white transparent air,
Abel I understand, but Cain is strange.

(*CAIN goes out to the right.*)

EVE : Abel's your very likeness, you and he
 You love all small things and all separately,
 Each only for itself.

Cain and I

Love things but do not rest in them :
 We wander feeling something still may lie
 Even beyond perfection.

ADAM : Aye true, and find the snake.

EVE : We risk the snake.

(DEATH comes in from the right and runs across the stage. CAIN rushes in following DEATH. The roots and berries in his basket fall and roll away but he takes no heed. They dance. CAIN pursuing DEATH).

ADAM : What is Cain following now
 Intently with his arms stretched out ?

EVE : Something that spins and drifts
 And turns like the wind
 And hovers idly like a dragon fly
 And springs away like a linnet in the air

(DEATH goes out at the right).

CAIN : Wait, wait, where are you Death ?
 You have escaped me
 I saw you now between me and the sky
 Brighter and darker than the plain day light.

ADAM : Cain speaks. What is't he says
 I cannot hear him.

EVE : The little echoes sitting in the rocks
 Take up his words and toss them
 We must attend and catch them as they pass
 There 'tis again.

(DEATH comes in at the right).

ADAM : It's shape is like a woman,
 But made of cloud
 That lets the brightness of the sun shine through.

(CAIN comes in following DEATH).

EVE : That's not the sun, but a chill, icy light.

ADAM : Cain follows her,
 But she evades his hands.

CAIN : Wait, Death, stand still for a moment,
 Let me see you straight.

EVE : She stands and dances like a spring of water
Straight upwards in one place.

ADAM : And Cain in front of her
Trembles as if his skin was cold.

CAIN (*Coming closer to DEATH*) : Your form I see, half see,
And do not see.
Your face I cannot see,
Your face is hidden.

DEATH : Do you know what one must pay
To see my face ?

CAIN : The sky, they told me,
And the wind and the air.

DEATH : Would you barter these ?

CAIN : I want to barter them ;
They waste themselves on me ;
They offer joy to me
That I cannot hold ;
I'm loaded up with one enormous thought—
How fair and strange a face must be
That costs the sunlight and the air.
I'll give them all, Death,
Let me see your face.

EVE : Again she runs, again Cain follows her,
Again they spin and turn and whirl and spring.

ADAM : Ha, Cain has caught her
By one of her little floating shreds of cloud
What is't he holds ?
But, no, she's loose again.

DEATH : No, no, not yet ;
Cain, Cain, I am afraid ;
I'm still so young ;
At times I sense the weight of my great future,
I strive to hold it off from me awhile.

(*A long note from a reed is heard*).

What's that ? Who's this that comes ?

(ABEL comes in from the left).

CAIN : My brother Abel and his shepherd's pipe ;
He blows a note, and all his flocks
Must wander in the radius of that sound.

DEATH : Your brother Abel, has he heard of me ?

CAIN : He has heard, but has not heeded.

DEATH : Does he not also ache to see my face ?

CAIN : My brother Abel has no ache, his joy
Is round and contained as an apple in its skin.

ADAM : She moves towards Abel.

EVE : And she steps as soft
As if her feet were whispering to the ground.

ADAM : She is close beside him now
What is she doing ?

DEATH (*stands over ABEL*)

Your brother Abel, Cain,
I'd like to draw my veil across his face,
Like that

(DEATH *draws the end of her veil across ABEL's face. ABEL brushes his face with his hand.*)

He only thinks a moth has flown too close
Passing, and flicked him with its wings.

EVE : She stoops above Abel,
As a moth stoops above a broom in flower.

DEATH : I'll come between him and the sun,
I'll let my shadow lie across his eyes.

(DEATH *lets her shadow fall on ABEL's face.*)

His arm grows lax ;
His flute drops by his side ;
I've made a dusk for him,
And he falls asleep—

EVE : She looks from Cain to Abel and Abel to Cain
As if she measured them,
While she hovers round Abel like a giant moth.

ADAM : She's changing now, she moves towards Cain
With that waving motion I have cause to hate
The rhythm of the undulating snake.

DEATH : Cain, tell me who is stronger,
You or He ?

CAIN : I do not know ;
Our work is different,
And only when a task's too great for one,
The other, or our father, Adam, helps.

DEATH : You've never had a contest strength for strength.

CAIN : When we were children,
When we played,
Not since.

DEATH : Cain, I must know,
This moment I must know
Which is the stronger
You must try him now.

CAIN : Try him ?
Try Abel ?
Why must I try ?
What for ?

DEATH : For me, for me, because I pine to know.

CAIN : Then show your face,
I pine to see your face.

DEATH : When you have tried your strength
When it is proved
Beyond one little flicker of a doubt
Who is the stronger,
I will show my face.

CAIN : Then I'm the stronger, Death,
I feel it now.
I am the strongest thing in the whole world ;
I'll tear wild beasts,
I'll overcome the thunder,
I'll wrench great trees,
I'll terrify the sea.

Death, let me show you all.

DEATH : Quiet, 'tis your brother's strength that you must try
Here, now, at once
When the fight's over I will show my face.

ADAM : Cain seizes Abel.
Abel's half asleep,
Cain's acting strangely
I am troubled Eve.
They twine their arms and legs
They bend each other's bodies to the ground
They fight like dreadful beasts out of the woods.
EVE : And she with pointed feet above the ground
Makes a ring around them with maddened dance.

DEATH : More, more of this, more, more.

ECHOES : More, more ; more, more.

EVE : Her dancing becomes faster and more wild
Her simmering body spreads great cloudy wings.
(DEATH spreads out her veil).

DEATH : More, more. I have an appetite that grows,
More, more of this.

ECHOES : More, more ; more, more.

DEATH : Ah, now I know my future will be great,
More, more of this.

ECHOES : More, more ; more, more.

ADAM : See, Cain has lifted Abel off his feet.
He swings him round
He strikes the ground with him,
What has he done to him ?
What is it Eve ?

(ADAM and EVE crouch together terrified—EVE seems to be holding
ADAM back).

EVE : They both are moveless
Abel on the ground
And Cain against the sky.

ADAM : The woman's calm,
She moving towards Abel
And hovering like an evil hungry bird.

(DEATH sinks on the ground beside ABEL. Her scarf is spread,
she slowly bends her face towards ABEL's).

DEATH : Abel shadow your eyes,
Cast out the light,
Press back the world
And turn to me alone.
The first of all mankind to see my face.

(DEATH lifts the part of her veil which covers her face and lets it fall again over ABEL's head so that his face and her's are both together covered with it. When this happens a scream is heard, a scream of horror but an impersonal scream, the scream of life meeting death. ADAM and EVE terrified fall prostrate on their faces. DEATH and ABEL covered with the veil of DEATH look like a heap of ashes. CAIN stands motionless against the sky.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

TWO MEN

By George Manning-Sanders

JAN and George had been close friends since those far off days when as ragged children they went to the village school. Now they were young men each living alone in cottages that were separated by only a few fields.

The intense friendship was remarkable because they were so entirely different in character and habit. Jan was small and lean, straight hair drooped over his sallow face; his mouth was crooked, one eye was lower than the other and his voice was squeaky. He earned a good living by hawking vegetables in a waggon drawn by a heavy-footed horse. Every Sunday he brushed his clothes and went to a little wayside chapel to pray for prosperity. He distrusted women, and had underlined with red ink all the references he could find in the Bible that condemned or accused them. He grudgingly underpaid an elderly widow to come to his cottage to cook and clean daily after he had set off on his round.

George was big, ruddy, blue-eyed, curly-haired and deep of voice. He had inherited a cottage and outbuildings together with a few acres of rough land, that might, with diligence, have been a small farm. But George was lazy he spent much time at the Blue Bottle inn. Every Sunday, generally without changing his earthy clothes, he was lounging by the pub waiting for it to open. He behaved toward women as if they were specially designed for his entertainment.

In his spare time Jan liked to gloat over the neat ledger that recorded his profits or read the Bible or an old-fashioned sentimental novel. George only read the crime-laden Sunday newspapers. He liked to boast of his ability to shoot small birds on the wing.

Neither of the friends would hear a word spoken against the other. Jan had been known to wait patiently outside the pub till closing time ready to assist his friend during periods of his worst drinking bouts. George had been known to knock down without ceremony, those who dared make a mocking comparison between Jan's religious beliefs and his business practices.

And then, as if fate were envious, or intended to put the

friendship of the young men to the supreme test, a girl, a stranger came to the parish as a farm servant where Jan was accustomed to call once a week.

On a sunny, still morning, Jan clattered into that farmyard with his waggon and swung the great brass bell as usual to signalize that he was there and ready to do trade. He was watching the corner of the house impatient of delay, when the girl came jauntily swinging a basket and humming a song. She had large bold eyes and very red lips, vitality radiated from her.

“ Hullo ! ” she said genially.

“ Hullo ! ” responded Jan almost inaudibly.

“ My name is Lucy,” said she, “ what’s yours ? ”

He told her.

“ Married ? ”

“ No,” said Jan with a gasp.

“ Got a girl though, I’ll be bound ? ”

Jan shook his head sternly.

“ Then you’d better make up to me, Jan,” she said laughing so that her strong teeth flashed in the sun. “ What do you say ? ”

But Jan had nothing to say.

She found his intense shyness a novelty. She dug her naked elbow into his ribs ; she seized his wrist when he was about to remove potatoes from the sagging scale plate ; she brought her laughing face so near to his he was aware of the sweetness of her breath. When she coquettishly demanded an apple, he was reminded of Adam in the first garden and tried to refuse. Instead he selected the largest and polished it on the lining of his jacket. Lucy bit into the apple with a healthy scrunching sound that caused bewildering sensations to pass down to his very toes. Presently she thrust the core upon him and he felt her plump finger rest against his lips with the fragment of fruit.

Many times during that day he thoughtfully put a finger to his lips. He was vague in his answers to his customers, and casual as to the price of his fruit and vegetables. Also he was later back than customary from his round, because he had allowed the horse to browse in the hedge while he recalled the laughing, bright face of the girl.

Soon Jan altered his rounds so that he could see Lucy oftener.

He gave her presents of fruit and even flowers. She took his gifts, bantered him outrageously, and mimiced him to the people in the farm.

A week later Jan drove to the farm much earlier in the morning than was customary, dressed in his best clothes, and his face shining from careful shaving. There was a flower in his buttonhole and an unusual self consciousness in his bearing. When at the ringing of his bell the girl came, he said at once in a quavering whisper. "Lucy, I want word with you."

"And welcome," said she eyeing him with new interest.

"Private." He glanced at the many farm windows and the bustling activity of the farmyard animals and birds.

"Sure," said Lucy amiably. "Come into the barn yonder—only we mustn't be long or they'll be hollering for me."

In the mellow light of a hay-scented barn, Jan in a thin halting whisper, made his proposal of marriage. He spoke with pride of how much money he had in the bank and of how much more he would make; he promised a devotion which sounded fabulous.

Lucy listened and watched the lean, twitching face, and estimated. "I won't give no for an answer?" she said at last, "but I'll just think it over for a bit and let you know soon as can be."

When they returned to the waggon Jan's hands and wits were so preoccupied he dropped whatever he held and gave Lucy change for a pound note whereas she had handed him only a ten shilling note. "Here! you'll not get rich and be able to rig out a wife in satans, same as you promised, if you carry on that way!" she said laughing.

Jan looked at her through dazed eyes. "My riches from now onward depend on whether you have me or no," he said with inspired confidence.

As the hours passed Lucy liked the idea of being a wife more and more. It would mean freedom from being told what she must do or not do; freedom to stay in bed every morning with no shrieking alarm clock to wrench her from cosy rest. She had often been successfully wooed but never before had anyone spoken to her of marriage. She wished the man had a little more go about him—that was all.

The next time Jan came to the farm Lucy ran out and planted

a spanking kiss on his parchment-like face, and said "There's your answer."

Jan took off his cap, hugged it to his breast, closed his eyes and said reverently : "I give praise to God and to all his angels on high."

"Amen to all that," said Lucy trying not to giggle.

"You shall come to Chapel with me on Sunday evening," said Jan "and afterwards I'll show you to my friend George, the best man that ever drew breath."

Lucy shrugged her shoulders.

On Saturday afternoon Jan took Lucy into the town and bought her new clothes. On Sunday evening after going to Chapel they sauntered to pay a surprise visit to George.

Unfortunately George was in one of his worst moods and had just returned from the pub only because he had spent all his money. He was sitting on a bench outside the cottage staring at his unlaced boots.

"Here's my Lucy that I was telling about," said Jan nervously.

George without speaking looked at the girl from head to toe as if she had been a calf brought there for his inspection.

"Now turn round" he commanded gruffly.

"Keep your tongue more civil," cried Lucy hotly.

"There's not much you can tell about a woman from just the outsides of her," said George impudently.

Lucy took a quick step forward and raised up the end of the bench so that George sprawled off it comically. He got up smiling and said to Jan. "Aye, she'll do. A fine piece but you'll have all your work to bring her to heel."

Lucy said something which might have been an oath and strode away with her head in the air, to an accompaniment of George's laughter. Jan ran after her and said pantingly. "Come back and make it up, for my sake."

"He's jealous, that's what he is," said Lucy.

"How?" asked bewildered Jan.

"That you found me before he did. I know his sort all right."

"It doesn't sound sense to me," said Jan.

After much persuasion Lucy went back and laid a limp hand in George's demonstrative grasp.

Before he parted from Lucy, Jan said to her earnestly : " I'd grieve to think you couldn't be friends with my George. Him and me is very David and Jonathan."

" All right—I'll try then," said Lucy simply.

Jan clumsily kissed her hand.

Soon a sharp-eyed gossip went hinting that George and Lucy were more intimate than friendship required. Jan drew himself up to his full five feet six inches and quoted scripture. He was so sure of his Lucy. Had he not asked her to be nice to George ? Did she not wear clothes from the skin outward of his providing ? Did she not nestle against him sleeping softly during Chapel sermons ? Did she not hold his finger in her warm young hand as they walked over the fields after service ? He told the gossip that George, though rough, was the kind of man who would if need be, sacrifice even his life for a friend.

" It would be easier for one like George to lose his life than lose a spree," said the gossip.

" Get behind me, satan," said Jan and the gossip after commenting on the weather and its effect on the crops, sneaked off to find a more efficient poison.

In less than a week the industrious gossip was back to Jan again and after a brief preliminary talk on politics produced the new poison. " I hear," said he casually, " that your Lucy and that George were seen in a field together after dark."

" Yes but in all good innocence, you don't know George same as I do," said Jan proudly, and the gossip limped away with a sense of failure fretting him.

However Jan must have pondered on the news for he mentioned it to Lucy and she confirmed his own opinion by saying readily : " Yes, that's right, me and George did chance to meet in a field, and we stayed there a bit talking about you."

George wasn't going to the pub so often, because he hadn't the money to spend. Instead he worked steadily at the cultivation of his acres, whitewashed the walls of his cottage both inside and out and mended a hole in the thatch. Also he was cleaner and correspondingly more handsome. This delighted Jan and he began to revive a very old hope that he might win his friend's soul to salvation. He said to Lucy. " If ever you have time to spare while I'm away on my rounds, then you might go and give George a hand sometimes. When a man begins to take a proper interest

in his earthly home, he may soon be thinking of his heavenly home."

"I will then, if you want me to," said Lucy demurely.

One evening when a thick fog hung over the land, Jan came back from his round rather earlier than usual and before he ate he hurried across to George's to present him with a horse-shoe for luck that he had found on the road. As he drew near the cottage he heard voices which he recognised as Lucy's and George's. He crept near, smiling, with the anticipation of giving them a mild surprise. But what he heard was such a surprise to him that he stood as still and apparently lifeless as if he were made of stone. Then he crept away and was sick behind a distant hedge.

Misery kept pace with him back to the cottage and prompted darkly. His home seemed strange to him and such was the torment of his mind, he seemed to be a stranger to himself. He tried to read the Bible and could not. He took out his ledger and tried to delight his eyes by estimating his savings. But the figures that usually gladdened his eyes as if they had been so many golden sovereigns, now remained meaningless inky scribbles. He thought of suicide; he thought of challenging George with his treachery and fighting him. He thought of blasting the worthless Lucy with fine phrases of hell fire and damnation culled from the Bible. He thought of going from the parish that very night to some secret place never to return. And gradually as the alternatives seethed through his tired wits, hatred began to take the place of his love for George. He thought of him as ungodly and loathly. And when he too vividly imagined that coarse man united with the person of Lucy, then jealousy, like a corrosive, destroyed in a few seconds the kindly friendship of a lifetime. Fanatically he scraped on the floor boards with his feet as if he were grinding an obscene insect to oblivion. Froth gathered at the corners of his lips and he cried aloud the laments uttered by Job against the heavy hand of God.

As dawn spread over the fields he stood looking out from his bedroom window toward George's cottage, just visible over a hill rise. He was smiling crookedly, his jaws were working noiselessly, his eyes were bloodshot, his hands were clenched so tightly the knuckles gleamed like ivory. He had matured a plan which would both ease the deadly wound to his pride and also

enable him to suitably punish George for his treachery. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, misery for misery. Yes, George should not only be punished but he should be provided with ample time and means for repentance and salvation. As for Lucy—well she did not count ; she and her kind were but the instruments of the devil, created to sow discord in the garden of Eden and to spoil everlastingly that peace on earth which would otherwise be man's.

From that morning Jan's behaviour became the talk of the parish, for he had become suddenly as generous as before he had been niggardly. On the round his scale-plate bumped down ; he refunded pence, he made gifts without stint and he tossed fruit to those he met on the highway. Also he insisted on making such elaborate loans of money to George, that George, singing his friend's praise more loudly than ever, was once again able to swagger to the pub to drink his fill.

Lucy was the only one who did not appreciate Jan's change of mood. " You are somehow gone different," she said to him.

" Then its you have changed me," said Jan with a slight shudder as if cold water had dropped down his back.

" You don't seem as if you want me to cuddle against you now, or hold your finger same way I used to."

Jan's face contorted into an inscrutable expression. " That's because I've got to hold myself in till you are my legal woman."

Lucy pouted. " You used to be a miser once over your money and now you are a miser over your love. I don't believe you want me any more."

Jan took a deep breath squared his shoulder and bit her arm above the elbow to draw blood. " That's the kind of love mine is," he said intensely, " not a snippy, sly kind but deep as the grave."

Lucy smiled tremulously. The behaviour was entirely new to her experience, she did not know what to make of it. She determined to consult George as soon as ever she could.

But George wouldn't believe the story till he was shown the mark on her arm. Then he scratched his head, blinking his bright blue eyes in amazement. " There's something stirring in old Jan's nut," he said slowly. " Maybe he wants you so bad its curdling his religion. I've heard tell of such capers. Or it may be that he's saved himself up for so long, he's chancy tempered now he's begun to let himself go, like."

" You don't think he twigs anything atween me and you ? " said Lucy anxiously.

George laughed richly. " You don't know Jan's ways. He trusts me fine. Why I reckon if he saw us lovering with his own eyes, he'd not believe it true."

" It's all very well for you to talk, but often he looks at me as if I reminded him of something funny, and when your name comes up, his face goes all twisty,—just as if he'd bit on something sour."

George patted her comfortingly. " Don't you worry, sweetheart, if Jan suspicioned us he'd come to me first thing and I'd give it the lie and he'd be contented like a little child."

Meantime Jan increased the radius of his round and was so generous that his customers questioned him. " Its like this," he explained glibly. " I do it to win more trade. Soon I'll be wedded and then there will be a crowd of little fat babies to feed, and that's costly isn't it ? "

One day Jan approached George and spoke in an unusually businesslike manner of the future. " Its like this," said he " I'd made a will leaving all to you that I couldn't take with me when I die. Well, now by law all will belong to Lucy after she's wifed me. So I've hit on a plan for making things square. You must insure my life for a thousand pounds."

" But," said the amazed George, " I can't afford to pay no premium."

" I've thought of that. I'll give you the money to pay it with," said Jan in a shrill whisper.

George smiled at the thought of a thousand pounds, and frowned when he thought of his friend's death.

" And I don't want you to blab to anyone," said Jan, " not even to Lucy. You know what women are like over a secret."

" I do so," said George, with conviction.

Then Jan produced the necessary form, and George like a schoolboy, put his massive signature wherever he was told, while his deep bass rang with gratitude and appreciation of his generous friend.

The gossip was beginning to take an usual interest in Lucy. He loitered in places where she was likely to pass in order to inspect her from all sides. Soon the villagers were chuckling and saying to one another that old Jan was more of a man than

they had supposed. The gossip sensing entertainment waylaid Jan and after commenting on the scarcity of green stuff, asked how Lucy was.

"She's all serene," said Jan absently.

"There's talk," said the gossip watching his victim closely, "that you have seemingly done the last thing first by her."

"Its all one," said Jan vaguely, "for there's scripture for it and that's good enough for me."

The gossip retreated and spoke of Jan to his cronies as a spoil-sport.

Though Lucy had heard nothing of the rumour she did most certainly seek George to have a long and private talk with him.

"Well then, if that's how it is, you must get old Jan to marry you quick," he counselled, yawning.

The next time Lucy saw Jan she complained of being over-worked at the farm. "I believe I'll die off sudden if I bide there."

"Besides we want a home of our own, dear, where we can be free to share love like a couple of birds in a nest."

"I'll wed you in a registry as soon as it can be fixed," said Jan, without looking at her.

"You will!" cried Lucy and she rubbed her warm cheek against his cold cheek.

Late that same evening George had a visitor. He was stretched on his bed fully dressed when a persistent knocking roused him. From the bedroom window he recognised the slim figure of Jan standing there fatefully and he had a swift presentiment of danger. "I'm nigh dead with sleep," he shouted down. "For another thing I've had too much beer so I don't want to let you in or we'll be all night talking."

"I've been hurt," said Jan glancing behind him, "some one heaved a great stone in through my open window to cut my head abroad."

George greatly relieved hastened down, drew water from the pump, tore up an old shirt and did his best to staunch the freely bleeding wound.

"And I'll tell you what," said Jan when all was done, "I'll borrow your gun and if the chap comes again then I'll give him a fright."

"You couldn't do better," said George loading the weapon.

But when Jan got to his feet he was so shaky George said

compassionately : " I'll put you across to your place and carry the gun."

On their way it seemed as if Jan had been slightly affected by the blow. He insisted on going in search of his assailant. Two men they saw and went near enough to recognise but did not have speech with. One was a notorious poacher, the other the local policeman.

" They'll think we are crazed," said George " sloping about like this, you all limp on one of me arms and a gun under me other arm, at this time of night."

When they got to the cottage Jan became almost childishly concerned lest he should be robbed. He asked George to take out a quantity of notes and silver coins from a black japanned box and carry it back with him for safety.

" But " said George " why shouldn't I take the locked box and hide it over at my place ? "

A strange gleam came into Jan's eyes. " If the robber was hanging about and saw you with the box, he might be at you. You'll be safer spreading the money in all your pockets and it can stay there till I call for it tomorrow."

" Right " said George who wanted to get back to his bed.

The next morning when the widow who cooked and cleaned for Jan went to his cottage, she was surprised to find the door unlocked. She was more surprised to see him sprawled across the table with the empty cash box at his side. She touched his cold hand, saw the gaping top of his head, saw the gun and the blood, and ran for help.

The local policeman came at once and soon his superiors in a fast car. Presently they trooped across to George and roused him from his bed. When he heard the news he said : " Gosh ! then whoever done it must have used my gun. And I've got poor old Jan's money in me pockets and there is his blood scarce dry on me clouts."

The policemen raised their eyebrows. George was warned, questioned, handcuffed and led away protesting his innocence.

Later the gossip hurrying joyously through the village said : " Didn't I say that one or both of they two fools of men would perish because of Lucy ? "

And no one contradicted him.

A ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: 1849

By J. M. Hone

IN the course of her long reign Queen Victoria paid three visits to Ireland. As they were without effect on the subsequent course of events, it is unlikely that they will give much occupation to future writers upon Irish history. Recent chroniclers scarcely mention them. Stephen Gwynn in his *History of Ireland* refers to George IV's coming and the welcome which O'Connell organised for him ; he says little or nothing of Victoria's relations with Ireland, except that when she came to the throne, O'Connell both in private and in public reiterated sincere professions of affection to her station as well as to her person. Edmund Curtis has a sentence on one of her visits, the first, that of 1849 : " This was the end of the Young Ireland party," he says, after telling us of Ballingarry and the seizure of Smith O'Brien and Mitchel. " In the next year Queen Victoria visited Ireland and received an enthusiastic welcome, but it is unfortunate that her strongly respectable, British and Protestant convictions made it impossible for her to understand or sympathize with her Irish people."

All the same, Queen Victoria's visits to this country are worthy of a place among the curiosities of Irish history. Also, unless we brush the matter aside with Hegel's epigram (" The people is that part of the nation which does not know what it wants "), they raise interesting questions for the psychologist of public opinion and action, just as does, for instance, the recent Hitlerite plebiscite in Austria. John Mitchel was on the High Seas as a transported prisoner when the Dublin papers reached him with their accounts of the tumultuous welcome accorded by the streets of Dublin and Cork to the Royal visitors in August, 1849. In both his *Jail Journal* and, later, in his *History of Ireland*, he sought an explanation very similar to that by which the supporters of Austrian independence have lately accounted for the case with which the German Anschluss was accomplished. He wrote in his *History* : " In the midst of all this havoc her Majesty's Ministers thought the coast was clear for a royal visit . . . The great army of persons, who, in Ireland, are said to be loyal, were expected to get up the appearance of rejoicing . . . Of

course there were crowds in the streets . . . One Mr. O'Reilly, of Great St. George's Street, hoisted on the top of his house a large black banner . . . but the police burst into his house and thrust him in jail. On the whole the Viceroy's precautions against any show of disaffection were complete and successful. Nine out of ten citizens of Dublin eagerly hoped that Her Majesty would make this visit the occasion of a 'pardon' to O'Brien and his followers."

Who shall say that his interpretation was a wrong one? Nevertheless, Victoria's Irish visits, with the possible exception of the second one (1861) were undoubtedly popular successes; even journalists may be permitted to believe their eyes. I am old enough to remember 1900, a few months before her death, when she followed an old woman's whim in coming to Dublin as an acknowledgment of what Irish regiments had done for her in the Boer war. It is true that Irish members of Parliament and every organ of Nationalist opinion continued during her visit to express their strong sympathies with the Boers—that George Moore came from London to receive her "in silence." At the same time the little streets vied with the great in their plaudits, emptying themselves on one extraordinary day into the Park for the military review. I am not going into the psychology of the thing; but it was an interest of the nature which lately caused me to carry out a resolve, half-formed some time ago, when I was reading Mitchel's *Jail Journal* and Queen Victoria's *Leaves from our Journal of our lives in the Highlands*, to look up contemporary sources for the royal visit of 1849. The *Leaves* have as a kind of Coda the Queen's notes of this, her first experience of Ireland, which consisted of a day in Cork, a week in Dublin and a day in Belfast, the yacht "Victoria and Albert" bearing the Royal party—herself and Prince Albert, four of their children (one of them the future Edward VII)—from one port to another. Except for a call at Carton she did not penetrate at all into the interior of the country, and her one journey by train was on the "Kingstown Railway" (the first of Irish Railways), the time taken between Dunleary and the "Dublin Station" being much the same as at present, namely, a quarter of an hour.

The genial and witty illumination which Lytton and Strachey and more modern biographers have cast upon the character of

Queen Victoria makes one wonder whether Professor Curtis is right in supposing that she was precluded by nature from any possible liking for the Irish people. After all, her "British respectability" was qualified by various romantic eccentricities; she was proud of her Stuart blood; and her disposition in youth was towards the adventurous. Perhaps her love of the Highlands and strong sense of outward nature alone show her to be a true child of the nineteenth century, to the cultural and ethical ideals we owe conceptions, alien to a classical age, such as that of the culture-nation and the preservation of local customs and languages. Her joys and her melancholies were of the nervous, restless kind which characterised the revival of the Gothic spirit. It is quite possible to imagine her falling in love with the Ireland described by Maturin, an Ireland under moonlight, feudal, wild and reckless; she might even, in her young days at least, have sympathised with a Gaelic movement, divorced of course from nationalistic politics. Moreover, for the first part of her reign the whigs possessed her sympathies as they had possessed those of O'Connell; the Orange interest in Ireland was identified with the English Tory party in the popular mind, and indeed the visit to Ireland in 1849 was regarded with some suspicion on the Orange side as a trick of the Viceroy, Lord Clarendon, to recover credit for the Whig Government with the English electorate. Nor did the Queen share the sectarian animosity which at that time filled the hearts of the Ascendancy party in Ireland. She was as "Protestant" as she well could be, no doubt; but, in the political sense, popular feeling in Ireland was not hostile to Protestantism. The "enemy" against which O'Connell had roused the peasantry during the Tithe War, and after, was ecclesiastical Toryism, and the Queen had no leaning towards ecclesiastical Toryism; her theology such as it was was Latitudinarian; she regarded religion mainly as an affair of conduct and good sense. So, when she was in Dublin in 1849, nothing pleased her more than to find that the two Archbishops, Murray and Whately, were co-operating in the philanthropy of the Model Schools—Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, she noted in her *Leaves*, "a fine venerable-looking old man of eighty." She approved of the system whereby Catholic and non-Catholic children then learned extracts from the Bible in the same schools (some divergencies from the English authorised version being admitted, to satisfy Dr. Murray). "The

only teaching enforced," the Queen wrote, "is that of the gospel truths, love and charity. This is truly Christian, and ought to be the case everywhere . . . Trinity College is not conducted on so liberal a system."

All parties awaited the Queen's arrival with intense interest and the determination that whatever might happen during the Royal visit they would believe of it what they wished to believe. The Queen herself was probably unconscious of the party feeling which the event had kindled; she knew however that Young Ireland was now in the background, and in the midst of the "never-to-be forgotten scene" of her drive from the Dublin station to the Viceregal Lodge—"such masses of human beings, so enthusiastic, so excited, such waving of hats and handkerchiefs"—she reflected "how lately the country had been in open revolt and under martial law."

In particular the Orangemen were agog, because they feared that the rump of the late Daniel O'Connell's party, "the Papist junta round Clarendon" was about to exploit the famous O'Connellite loyalty to the Throne to the detriment of the prospects of the place-hunters on the Protestant side. A really very curious, very mysterious incident which occurred before the Queen actually reached the Irish shore, confirmed the Orangemen in their suspicions. In the Queen's household as a lady-in-waiting was a certain Lady Jocelyn, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Roden, an evangelist of Orangeism, who was very much in the public eye owing to his alleged complicity in the recent unhappy affair between Protestants and Catholics at Dolly's Brae. Lord Roden told the following strange story. He was sitting one evening in the old Sackville Street Club (now the offices of the Dublin United Tramways Company) when a stranger called to see him, no name apparently being given. This stranger handed him a letter which (he said) he had "found in the street." Written from a Government office and signed by the Catholic placeman, Mr. Fitzsimons (Dan's nephew), it was addressed to the Duke of Bedford, another of Lady Jocelyn's relatives, and ran to the effect that, Lord Roden being in bad odour with the Catholics, the people of Dublin would be displeased to see his daughter-in-law in attendance on her Majesty; "could Lady Jocelyn not get toothache, or something else?" Roden at once sent the letter to Lord Clarendon, the Viceroy, who replied that he was already acquainted with the contents of Fitzsimon's communication but

expressed a natural surprise that it should have fallen into Lord Roden's hands in the manner indicated. Subsequently, the Orange journal, *The Newry Telegraph*, got wind of the story, and published a violent article, modelled on the invective of John Mitchel, and designed to present Clarendon and the Whigs as the prisoners of O'Connell's placemen. To this the Government organ, *The Dublin Evening Post*, replied, accusing Roden of using for political purposes a letter known to be purloined, and defending the writer of the letter as a man of high honour who had intended no affront to the Protestant interest but had merely wished to protect the Queen against the danger of being subjected to insults on Lady Jocelyn's account.

Who the stranger was, never became known. But Lord Roden, a prophet of the Second Reformation, seems to have been a sincere simpleton, and there is no reason to doubt that he accepted the cock-and-bull tale of the letter found in Sackville Street in all good faith. Furthermore, Lady Jocelyn accompanied the Queen to Ireland, and no one was the worse for it; the matter however did not end there, but was used as a test by a Quarterly Reviewer, who deplored the declension of the once mighty Whig party from the principles of 1688 on which it had been founded, as signified by the growing subserviency of Lord Clarendon to "the anti-British spirit of Popish agitation." "We are not Orangemen who would exclude any party from the benefits of the British Constitution," wrote the Reviewer, "rather we look back with regret to times, 50 or 60 years ago, when the better educated Roman Catholics used to attend Government processions and go to court in honour of the memory of William III."

The results of the royal visit must have been a profound disappointment to all, except for the Mayors of Cork, Dublin and Belfast, who were duly knighted or baronnetted. "Radical conspirators," these mayors were called by another Quarterly Reviewer, and apart from theirs "there is not one heart more loyal to the Queen, the Constitution and the British Empire than if Her Majesty instead of 'looking in' casually on Ireland had travelled directly to her holiday in Scotland by the Midland Railway." The plans of the Catholic patronage party were disorganised by the refusal of twelve prelates to put their names to the loyal Address that came from Maynooth and by Gavan Duffy's revival of the *Nation*; the lukewarm attitude of the

Freeman's Journal, regarded as the organ of the Church, enabled an Orange spokesman in the *Dublin University Magazine* to argue that Lord Clarendon's policy of conciliating Nationalist Ireland by giving to Catholics places of power in the Administration must necessarily fail in its purpose. "The throbings of disinterested emotion, audible on all sides, the beaming gladness of every face, showed that a people cannot be governed on the wretched principles of mere political economy," on the other hand it was evident that the influence of Rome would always be directed to curb and divert the loyalty of the Irish. *The Freeman's Journal* had written :

"Four days, with an undress levée and drawing room at the Castle, it being generously considered that the Dublin shopkeepers should not be pampered with too large a share of gold . . .

"The Queen is coming, and the Swift has come. One of her Majesty's vessels of war has already anchored at Kingstown to bear away the State prisoners to their sad destination."

Even in England there was some cynicism, and it found a publicity which now astonishes us who remember the sacrosanct quality with which royalty was invested in the later years of Victoria's reign. The following verses upon the visit appeared in England's leading comic newspaper :—

They talk mighty big of the good that will come
From your kindly *lookin* at poor Pat in his home.
But list while I tell you what's not pleasant but true
What sights you ne'er saw what your visit can't do.

Dublin in 1849, after the death of Mangan and the flight of the Young Irelanders, was a somewhat undistinguished town. Isaac Butt, at the start of his career, Sheridan Le Fanu, and Todd the Irish scholar, upheld in some degree a banner of culture among the Protestant Conservatives ; but what may be called the second crisis of brilliancy of the Ascendancy, with men like Mahaffy, Tyrell, Dowden, Bury, still lay years ahead. Todd conducted the Queen and her Consort through the Trinity College Library ; and another famous Irish scholar, O'Curry, must have regarded the Royal visit as an auspicious event, for there exists

a letter written by him from London a month earlier, in which he relates with relish that he has just breakfasted with Lord Adare at Buckingham Palace. To judge from her diary, the only persons of real eminence whom the Queen encountered in Ireland were Archbishops Murray and Whately, Todd and Lord Clarendon. Whately and Clarendon were both Englishmen ; but their careers in this country will repay the attention of the future historian of the nineteenth century in Ireland. From the point of view of the outside world the greatest name in the Dublin of 1849 was no doubt that of Whately, who nowadays is best remembered by us as the inspirer of the Anglicising programme of the Education Board ; early Gaelic League pamphleteers have held him up to execration. In his own time, however, Whately was far more popular with the Nationalists than with the Orangemen, who greatly distrusted his liberalism in politics and in religion. His force of character and of intellect was such that while at Oxford the young Newman, who also (from another angle !) distrusted his liberalism, had surrendered to him (as is related in the *Apologia*) " with affectionate abandonment " ; when Whately was appointed to the Dublin Archbishopsric, Newman waited eagerly for a summons to follow, which never came. Perhaps if that summons to assist Whately in Ireland had come to Newman, the former might have been more successful than he actually was in his project for reforming what he called the " Bourbon " minds of the Reformed Church of Ireland.

Clarendon left a stronger mark on Irish history than Whately, if only for his part in the promotion of the disastrous Encumbered Estate Act. His administration of Ireland was unquestionably a dreadful failure from every point of view ; it ended with the scandal of a Government subsidy of a predecessor of Pigott, a journalist named Birch, whom he paid to attack young Ireland and by whom he was afterwards blackmailed. Clarendon's aim, as his biographer states, was to " allay the exasperations of party " ; the task was beyond his powers, in spite of the charming manners and exquisite tact for which he was justly famous. The Queen's visit brought him some kudos ; but he must have been glad when, a little later, on the fall of Lord John Russell and the Whigs, he was removed from Ireland to less complicated spheres of activity, such as the Vatican, where this (to John Mitchel) double-dyed villain entirely won the heart of Pope Pius IX.

TIME AND SPACE

WHEN a not unfamiliar name turns up anew among the picture exhibitions, it affords—at least once in a while—an opportunity to set a particular appreciation of accomplishment into a general estimate of tendencies. What has been worked out in one place, say Dublin, and shown in London, reveals itself to be a treatment of a problem that has occupied another mind in France. And despite their technical differences there is a manifest kinship in conception. It is not a matter or race, or of period, or of place, such things are all in the way of being worked out always, everywhere.

Every new generation sees its purposes afresh ; it makes its vision anew out of the old factors, using all the fresh devices new days have brought into use. There is a perpetual round, go, and return. Every experimenter tries the old means to newer ends. Everyone comes out different, for although the typical dispositions of mind are eternal in humanity, the peculiar objects available for their play are everlasting changing.

Environment, training and objective all differ, too, in times as well as in places. Yet beyond all this immense variety and persistent novelty there are certain broad principles of temperament which condition all manifestations of visual expression in art. They afford a means towards setting forth a common standard of judgment. Indeed it can fairly be said that there are two principle types among artists, a grand division that sets the turn of mind fairly obviously to the one side or t'other.

Long ago, in the heyday of the arts, it was excellently exemplified in the distinctive schools of Florence and Venice. Florence, in the Italian west country, having a singularly intellectual trend, revealed its native character outstandingly in sculpture and engraving, and a strong severity in broad decorative schemes. Venice, on the eastward coast, was predominantly of another way of seeing. Its school of artists was powerfully affected by the sense of colour and the things of sense, touch and texture. Its painting is pre-eminently pictorially dramatic. The subject is seen at the tremendous instant ; time there is poised. Depth, recession, texture, all are directed to serve that urgent desire to hold, to grasp, to feel. The moment is important, supremely so. The shadow runs towards the light and the body's life in light and shade make the whole occasion of art.

In the Florentine school there is a more abstract sense of the run and recurrence of pattern. Space lies all around : there is extension beyond the bound of the painting ; in profile the portrait looks away and afar. The air flows in and out, clear, from a wide expanse unseen, to right or left, but actual, understood, a condition inevitable. The occasion of this clarity and its accompanying suggestive simplicity is occasioned chiefly by the Florentine linear quality. Among their school of artists the sense of draughtsmanship is predominant. It derives, perhaps, from an uninterrupted sense of the primitive human endeavour towards direct expression in art. The first scratch of flint on bone that revealed form to human understanding.

In short, for the one school the basis in expression was clear severity of form

expressed by insistence on the predominance of line. In the other the overshadowing tone conditioned everything. It suggested the closeness of things pressing together, the rich weight of golden glooms in fast-shut palace halls and close-kept parklands. So in a very general way they give examples of the principles towards which, one or the other, the artist must go. Economy and clarity of line or luxurious profundity of colour, those are the dual and contrasting principles towards which, in this way or that, the artist trends. Though both teaching and the bent of his thought aid in compelling a choice, the reason for it is primarily technical. The means of expression are through the point and its sharp and extensive definition, or through tone and depth of suggestion: one or the other way must be taken, lest confusion of means and ends come upon the work.

In his recent exhibition at the White Gallery in New Burlington Street, Harry Kernoff reveals himself to have pursued his course among the painters to whom the extension of pattern through space is of chief significance. The design of his composition does not insist upon a single, principal, highest point of light, from which all in the picture recedes. The delicacy in adjustment in tone has other motives, the surprise of interest comes from an interplay of movement rather than the impact and weight of tone and colour.

The impression given by the whole group of pictures exhibited is of lightness and movement; there seems to be no heavy concentration to attain emphasis. They seek the same sort of values and luminosity as the impressionists, who brought a brightness—a light suffusion, which lifted the key of values in colour at the end of the past century. There is, in his work, awareness, too, of the new revolutionary possibilities in design that were latent in their methods of composition direct from nature. Though themselves they were hardly aware of it, its existence became more explicit as the time went on.

Not that Harry Kernoff's paintings are revolutionary, so much as that they make evident the advances and changes which are in being to-day. There is everywhere in them a suggestion of the hard clarity of the modern vision of the world around. For his purposes the sharpstruck edges of buildings and their rigid planes and the activity of the figures is of more significance than any enveloping shade. The fact of form is enough for his purpose and presentation. The planes of colour hold one another, simply, in a relative weight and strength right through the pictorial pattern. Life and movement in the colour is attained by contrasts and complements, balance and harmony is attained without resort to broken and vibrating pigment.

The use of line is his talisman. There is a certain quiet assurance in his work, such as is common to all those who have command of the delineating point. They are withdrawn from the temptation to indulge in bombastic design. The resounding vociferation attained by an over extension of tones, extreme of dark and light, is not theirs to indulge in, for they seek out no easy formula of contrast and of recession from near to far. Their work is inclined to have a slight air of diffidence, and yet about its structure there is more of the strength of bone. Perhaps it suggests an ascetic vision, lean rather than fleshly.

It is not necessary to enumerate particular examples to show Kernoff's preoccupation with line and with the pattern of things spatial. The whole matter is well enough expressed in the vivid portrait of Liam O'Flaherty. There is

a vision of distances and broad space about it. The sharp structure of the head bones and the nervous musculature transmit the writer's personality and his characteristic power of catching at the nervous edge and movement of living tension behind the commonplace of everyday things, precipitating the romantic drama of strange events.

Besides this, there is, in the whole range of town landscape among the paintings shown, a sense of space and the preoccupation with its problems in terms of the particular place and the life active about it. All of them culminate in expressing a singular character of broadening vision moving into a wider generalisation.

Another painter whose works have been exhibited at the Storran Gallery and the Adams Gallery, both about this same period, is Maurice Utrillo. He, too, is a painter of places, and is also a most acute observer of the local colour and quality of place in the suburban regions of Paris. Yet there is nothing of the urbane about his paintings. Utrillo's colour is energetically realist and it seeks out the obvious commonplace of the ordinary vision for expression. No discord deters this ruthless statement. It is compelled, in his more recent work, almost to the point of the grotesque.

Indeed, in the figures which Utrillo uses to diversify the pattern of these still and quiet buildings, standing angular and self-conscious, strangely aware of themselves and their neighbours, there comes a certain deliberation in the use of caricature. The humans are busy and flustered in their expression, as it is indicated by the summary strokes of the painter's brush. Of course this is not in the expression of faces, for his figures are small and set in only to enliven the expanse of street and structure.

The origins of Utrillo's outlook and method derived, as did so much in his generation, from the reaction against that spattered, broken and overheated colour, which had become the bane of latter-day Impressionism. Like many others, he went back to a cooler vision and a sharper accentuation of forms. Actually that meant beginning over again, seeking out some simplicity beyond the rather factitious accomplishment into which painting, in all the accepted schools, had dropped, even in the once revolutionary ones.

He sought for a primitive vision of the contemporary world and looked at life with a child's intensity. Consequently his pictures have something slightly uncomfortable in their looks: they do not avoid discordant elements in nature and an acid harmony is often dominant. They had, in the earlier period of his work, an almost Flemish simplicity of outlook, a search for stillness and cool immobility which attained at times a glasslike glitter of surface. But there was a persistent, increasing avoidance of smooth accomplishment. The houses and walls and roofs of any French town seemed to have an intensity of significance to him which he has refused ever to allow to escape from a ruthlessly direct vision.

Houses and walls and roofs; the angles of their intersection, the contrasts of their colours and textures: that is the matter of his research. Trees and grass, the patchy grass of the road verge and the tattered trees of the town are introduced. But always to reveal and declare the visible manifest nature of buildings, to explain their relation among themselves. Human beings are introduced too for the sole purpose of giving occasion for the strength and dignity of the structure to declare themselves.

Yet there is never a hint of the expert architectural draughtsman manifested

in these paintings. The plain man's way of looking is what has been searched out. There are just walls and the effect of time and weather and the billposter and the odd common accidents of use and wear to hold the imagination. Or, it might be, a wet sky and the roofs and streets shining ; or again, the slushed snow dirtied by traffic, and the dripping houses around. The pattern always belongs to the everyday outlook of the commonplace suburb, the usual city street, the ordinary church, the wayside market garden or the ragged orchard. None of the matters in it have any richness, in any regard. It is the poor and paltry character of modern things that tends to reveal itself through these pictures. It is solely through the keenness of the interest he has devoted to seeing them that they are exalted.

Consequently, however hard and outrageously naive drawing and colour may chance to be, they have their extraordinary appeal. From the earlier works in which the richness of pigment is sought and cherished, the penetrative vision develops at the cost of appeal in the painter's quality. There is no increase in the endeavour to charm but, increasingly, Utrillo's charm comes out of the absolutism of his statement. It stands up to your eyes. At times it is annoying to be thus reminded that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder.

Besides all that his humans, more and more, have an off-hand descriptive formula devoted to them. They look odd, almost comical : amusing and appropriate, they are kept to give scale and distance and movement. They explain ways and purposes in the structures. With a turn of the brush they are there, busy, odd-looking, multitudinous, when the painter wants them to keep the houses company : but they are always seen with the half-indifferent eye of the lover of buildings.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

CHARLES JOHNSTON

QUITE recently Sotheby's catalogued, and sold, a copy of the 1767 edition of Johnston's *The Reverie* as a first edition, and this set me looking into the author of *Chrysal*. So far as *The Reverie* is concerned, it was a curious slip on the part of the cataloguer, because although this book has seldom been honoured by being sold under the hammer on its own, the recognised first edition (2V, 1763) is not an uncommon book in second-hand catalogues, and one was actually catalogued by Pickering last year.

But the actual first edition of *The Reverie* was the Dublin edition of 1762, 2V, published by Dillon Chamberlaine. This may have been a pirated edition, or it may have been an authorised one, but there is no reason known to me to throw doubt on the date. There is however at least a possibility that the Dublin edition was authorised. Johnston was a Limerick man, educated at Trinity, and practising law in Dublin, though he was not a success owing to deafness. As far as I can ascertain, at the time his novels were published he was living in Ireland, and the Dublin edition of his novels bears the same date as the London editions, save in the case of *The Reverie* which is a year earlier, as already indicated. *Chrysal*, 2V, 1760, was published by Dillon Chamberlaine, who also published *The Reverie*, 2V, 1762. *The History of Arsaces*, 2V, 1775, was published by Sleater and others. *The History of John Juniper*, 2V, 1781, was published by Price, Sheppard, and others. The two further volumes of *Chrysal* were also published in Dublin in 1765, the same year as the London edition. Of his other novel, *The Pilgrim*, I have not seen a Dublin edition.

Since I began ruminating about Johnston I have secured, from Mr. Massey of Cork, a "choice and desirable" item, to wit *Chrysal*, 4V, London, Becket, Vols. 1 and 2, dated 1768, without any indication of edition, and Vols. 3 and 4, dated 1767, and entitled "Second Edition," and *The Reverie*, the 2V London edition of 1767, bearing no indication of edition. These six volumes all have an inscription—"To Edward Roche Esqre. of Trebulgan, a Token of the regard of his friend the Authour C. J." Trebulgan being then the seat of Lord Fermoy, and the modern Trabolgan near Whitegate, Co. Cork, which at least strengthens the possibility that Johnston's intimates were Irish and that the Dublin editions of his novels were authorised.

His name is variously given. Eminent auctioneering firms seem wholly unable to distinguish him from Captain Charles Johnson, who wrote the *History of the Pirates*, and he is variously listed as Johnson, Johnston, and Johnstone. Ryan's *Worthies* calls him "Johnston or Johnson," Webb calls him Johnstone, and Crone gives him as Johnstone. Burtchaell and Sadleir's *Alumni Dublinenses* give him as Johnston, though they are unable to give any particulars about him save the date of his entry—1737. Johnston seems to me the most likely.

P. S. O'H.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LAST LORDS OF ORMOND (A HISTORY OF THE "COUNTRIE OF THE THREE O'KENNEDYS" DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY). By Dermot F. Gleeson, M.A., M.R.I.A. Sheed & Ward. 1938. 7s. 6d.

The prospects for the scientific writing of county and local history are at present brighter in Ireland than they have been for a long time and already we can say of several students (curiously enough they are busy men of other occupations) that they are *the authorities* for certain counties. Mr. Gleeson, who is a hardworked District Judge, has proved himself *the authority* on ancient Ormond (now Tipperary), and we look for a great deal further from him yet. At the same time we can not only praise this present work but welcome it as a harbinger, for it is an example of the scholarly and scientific way in which local history should be treated in Ireland as elsewhere, a treatment which has in the main been lacking here. Mr. Gleeson does not confine himself to the Irish annals or to repeating other men's work; he starts *ab initio* from the soil of Ormond and, while he loves that magnificent country (and who could chide him so) he deals with it as one bent upon revealing the facts of its history.

The "last lords of Ormond" of Mr. Gleeson's title are the O'Kennedys who before the Norman invasion were "kings of Ur-Mhumha," and their country was the two present baronies of Upper and Lower Ormond in N. Tipperary, which between them total some 215,000 statute acres. It is splendid land, of which in Cromwellian times some 4-5th was reckoned profitable land. So rich and profitable a land it was indeed that the native lords of it were able to split into the three branches of O'Kennedy, Finn, in Lower Ormond, Donn, in Upper Ormond, and Roe, in a smaller area; and yet remain big lords. Yet this is symbolic of the decay of the old Irish kingships in medieval times into mere lordships.

Two excellent maps of these baronies from the Down Survey are provided with this book, and among the illustrations that of the castle of Nenagh makes one regret its ruin. The donjon keep, due to Theobald Walter the first Butler, is a tremendous cylindrical structure, its wall being sixteen feet thick at the base, and it has nothing to compare with it in Ireland save the so-called De Courcy's round castle at Dundrum, Co. Down.

Of the period of Norman history in which O'Kennedy willy-nilly became the vassal of the Butlers Mr. Gleeson passes quickly, it ended when about 1378 Nenagh Castle and manor passed into Irish hands until 1533. Then Piers Roe, Earl of Ormond, recovered it and again for a century the old native lords had to submit to Norman suzerainty. It is at this point, the end of the 16th century and the period to the Williamite wars that most of the book is devoted.

The O'Kennedys, O'Meaghers, O'Dwyers, etc., retained most of their great patrimonies till "the Curse of Cromwell" fell upon most of our old aristocracy, but it must be remembered that they were all tenants under the Earl (Marquis or Duke) of Ormond, and the Butler Palatinate of Ormond (which lasted from 1330 to 1714) is the big fact right through Mr. Gleeson's period. The 17th century is so tumultuous an age in Ireland that one must admire the skill with which our author has combined the big canvas of Ireland with the small inset of Ormond. Suffice it to say that at the end the acreage of O'Kennedy country was very small. Yet this surname is very common among the peasant proprietors of

N. Tipperary to this day, and the same moral occurs as in Sir Michael O'Dwyer's excellent book on "The O'Dwyers of Kilmanagh, the story of an Irish sept." This moral is that plantations, confiscations, etc., have in the long run failed and left the native Irish race (as a result of the Land War and the Land Acts of course) in possession of the ancestral soil. The heads of the aristocratic septs died long ago "in far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade," but the cousins, kinsmen and tenants they left behind are here in Ireland still.

Our author makes great use, as is natural, of Petty's *Civil Survey of Ireland*, which for the first time mapped Ireland out scientifically, but with the ulterior motive of a vast Cromwellian plantation of this conquered country. He attacks vigorously the accepted though vague legend that Tipperary is full of Cromwellian blood as a result of English soldiery settling there, and the present reviewer thoroughly agrees with him.

There is much to praise in this *tour de force* of local history, it is very clear, it has good writing in it, and the eloquent if restrained beginning in which he gives a bird's eye view of that noble country of Ormond is excellent. Scholars will commend him for his wide reading and obviously thorough search for fresh contemporary evidence for his subject. The recently published Calendars of the manuscript deeds in Kilkenny Castle have been of great value to him; they recall the disturbing fact that the Muniment Room there contains masses of new material for our 17th century history, and that these can hardly be made fully and thoroughly available for students (with all due appreciation of the graciousness of the present head of the Butlers) till the whole of this vast collection is housed in Dublin.

E. C.

MACHIAVEL ET Nous. By Louis de Villefosse. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1937.

The reputation of Machiavelli since his death has been as varied as that of any writer or politician. Scarcely laid in his grave (having died unemployed and penniless) Catholics attributed to him all the evils of Lutheranism, while, the Huguenots believed him the instigator of St. Bartholomew's Night; in Spain the Jesuits produced a long series of treatises against him, from writers who, by their own showing, had never read his books, while in England his name had become popularly synonymous with everything evil or hypocritical half-a-century before the first English translation of his works was published. By the nineteenth century the storm seemed largely to have abated. In Italy, where the controversy had never been taken seriously, he was now openly acclaimed as the prophet of Italian national unity. In France a number of more critical, historical, appraisals appeared, while in England, Macaulay, Morley, Lord Acton and others took up their pens in his defence. But to-day with the popular association of Machiavelli's name exclusively with the ideas in the *Prince*, his reputation in the democratic countries is once more threatened. It is this aspect which M. de Villefosse has selected—what Machiavelli means to us, how far are the doctrines which he put forward effective in modern political life? To what extent may Mussolini and Stalin be regarded as actually inspired by Machiavelli?

A difficulty presents itself. Machiavelli, in the shortest, but most celebrated, of his main works, analysed how the prince may make himself the absolute ruler

of his subjects. But history shows that there were successful tyrants before the appearance of the *Prince*; and if politicians had taught themselves before, there is no logical reason why they should not continue to find their way towards similar principles by a quite independent evolution. All the *Prince* shows is, granted the end in view, what means will necessarily be adopted. How farsighted the author was is well shown by the example of Frederick the Great, who published an hysterical attack on Machiavelli in his early youth, and later adopted principles of political conduct identical with those which had so shocked him when expressed in the lucidly clear-cut language which make Machiavelli the greatest prose stylist in Italian literature.

Short of positive evidence then, it is risky to speak of actual influence; and this applies to Stalin, where similarities of method are not necessarily due to actual study. But with Mussolini it is different. He has never had to fear public opinion in Italy, rather the contrary, in openly claiming kinship with Machiavelli. According to his own account, given in an interview with Emil Ludwig, his father used to read sections out of the *Works* to the family before going to bed; shortly after coming to power in 1922 he re-read the *Prince* and the *Discourses* and wrote the famous *Preface to the Prince*, which is stated to be the prologue to a thesis presented for an honorary degree, granted by Bologna University in 1924. (This is sometimes quoted by Italians to claim that Mussolini too takes his place among the scholars of to-day, but the fact that the thesis has never been published, while every other scrap of Mussolini's political writings and harangues has been, may suggest an indication of its value.) In this *Preface*, Mussolini claims to be the direct interpreter of Machiavelli. But he also makes it clear, unconsciously, where he differs. He accepts wholesale Machiavelli's pessimism regarding the mass of mankind and even aggravates it. But while Machiavelli held mankind itself as weak and unreliable, that is, including the particular man or men who are in power, Mussolini confines his scorn to the *popolo*—a word in modern Italian closer to the English term 'the mob,' than to its literal translation 'the people'—considering the leader, the Duce, as an almost divine creation, transcending criticism, in the way that the State is considered to transcend party. Everyone who has read the *Discourses* knows where Machiavelli's sympathies were in regard to Caesar, whom he qualified unhesitatingly as the destroyer of Roman liberties. Moreover, on the subject of dictatorship he is perfectly clear; the Prince is a necessary measure in periods of crisis, but the ideal form of government for a free people is a republic, and it is for the people to assert its rights in arms, in the event of any attempt at a permanent tyranny.

M. de Villefosse has made this distinction clear with admirable logic, and backed by the actual passages of the *Discourses* and *Prince* which apply. But we should not overlook the circumstantial difference between Machiavelli, would-be adviser to the Prince, and Mussolini, the Prince in power. It is a matter of observation that acquisition of power is invariably accompanied by an evolution of ideas, in fact if not in theory, from left to right. This is what the anarchists may call the corruption of power, while the conservative considers the labour leader is only 'coming to his senses.' If we envisage a dualism in politics between those who are in opposition, with little or no chance of power, and those who hold the real power, we have immediately a distinction between left and

right, with the revolutionary idealists, such as Trotsky, or the pre-war Mussolini on one side, and the conservative realists, the Mussolini and to some extent the Stalin of to-day, on the other. Now Machiavelli owing to the peculiar circumstance of his career was continually just on the edge of power, as chief adviser and diplomat to the Florentine republic, without ever actually attaining power. From this arises the peculiar value of his work, for he was enabled to compile a series of principles, a method, in very close contact with practical realities, without ever being degraded by tasting that reality. There is probably only one political theorist of genius in the twentieth century who found himself in a corresponding position, and that is Lenin, whose premature death while still in the midst of the struggle for actual power has left to history a figure probably closer in spirit to Machiavelli than any before or since.

But there is another question of the Machiavelli-Mussolini contrast that M. de Villefosse does not go into. Machiavelli is negative on the imperialist question. Like Dante, Petrarch and others he believed in the unity of the Italian nation freed from the foreign invaders, but unlike these, he saw this unity in the form of a strong national state all to itself ; he was hostile to the idea of the spiritual-temporal domination of the Holy Roman Empire, because this was something essentially of the past, and Machiavelli was not of the past, he was modern. The question of modern imperialism had not yet arisen. When it did arise it was almost immediately followed by an equally new form of internationalism—the ideas represented by Montesquieu and Rousseau, and the Great Revolution, ideas which in the twentieth century found their most purely logical form in Lenin, their most idealistic form in the covenant of the League of Nations, which form between them to-day the strongest bulwark against modern imperialism. The distinction then is that, while Machiavelli lived a century before he would have had to choose between the new imperialism and the new internationalism, the successors to his idea of the strong national state in Italy and Germany have had to choose, and have both plumped for imperialism. But to attribute this to Machiavelli is clearly false, since this idea forms only a limited part of his outlook, and the proof of this is that Montesquieu and Rousseau were not ashamed to own their debt to Machiavelli in a policy radically different to that of Mussolini, Bismarck or Hitler. It would be possible to make out a case that Stalin and the strongly nationalist, but emphatically non-imperialist, state which has grown up in Russia since Lenin's death is closer to the ideal of Machiavelli than Mussolini is to-day.

M. de Villefosse is logical and precise in his analysis of a subject of more than purely literary interest. An appendix deals briefly with the question of Machiavelli's influence on Richelieu.

GRATTAN FREYER.

AUSTRIA AND AFTER. By Franz Borkenau. Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.

Anyone who read *The Spanish Cockpit* will know that Dr. Borkenau is one of the keenest intelligences at present analysing the events that are making contemporary history, and will look forward to reading this *post mortem* on the country that was, until March 11th of this year, the author's fatherland. They will not be disappointed.

Let us have no illusions about it : politically Austria has ceased to exist.

Moreover, Dr. Borkenau makes it quite clear why economically this must be so, and also makes an important observation which it would be sheer pigheadedness to deny : that, if we consider material matters only, the great majority of Austrians are now better off than they were before the Anschluss. There are three chief reasons for this. Firstly, the Austrian Schilling has been stabilized against the Reichsmarck at a highly profitable exchange for the Austrians, thus enabling them to buy German goods very cheaply. Secondly, the possibility of Austrians finding employment in Germany, where though wages are low, they are still actually higher than real wages in Austria, even at the stabilized exchange. Thirdly, this competitive employment will force wages up in Austria eventually to uniformity with those in the other German provinces. These advantages will amply outbalance the chief material disadvantage : the sharp rise in price, and actual shortage, of certain important food-products. Remains the non-material one of the antipathy of the native Austrian for ' the Prussian manner,' and the appointing of North German Nazi authorities even over the Austrian Nazis themselves. But, after all, this last should only be a political necessity of the moment, and in other countries wide racial differences between north and south exist. The Sicilians have learnt to tolerate the north Italians, why not the Austrian the Prussian ?

In eight chapters Dr. Borkenau analyzes the actual constitution of the country. Here every factor finds its history and its explanation. He shows how the power of the Jesuits in politics dated from the Spanish alliance through the Hapsburgs. The drafting in of the eastern Jews, and the development of anti-semiticism, finally the rise of the Nazis as an anti-Austrian, anti-Catholic movement, becomes clear. Moreover, the political position of the clergy and the promptness of the bishops to temporize with the Nazis once in power, becomes understandable—an attitude which was just as inexplicable for the layman, as it was embarrassing for the Bavarian bishops and the Vatican.

Everyone who visited Austria since the war was aware of the misery of the towns and the ill-balance of the whole country, evolved to form the industrial regions of a mainly agricultural empire, and then suddenly shut off from the remaining provinces. Obviously it was a unit which could not last, which ought never to have been brought into being. And three times since the war the question of the Anschluss arose as a political possibility. The first was at the time of the peace treaties when, according to the principle of self-determination of nations, the Austrian people should have plebiscited for or against the Anschluss, in which case no one can doubt they would have elected to become part of the German republic. Again in 1930 the question arose under almost identical circumstances, when the proposed customs agreement might have preluded the Anschluss ; late, but not too late, it might have still led to a happier destiny for her people, and for Europe as a whole by removing one of the principal planks in the programme on which Hitler rose to power. For a second time it was prevented by the jealous and short-sighted interference of gentlemen in Paris and London. When the issue was forced for a third time in 1938 the circumstances were very different. It was no longer a matter of incorporation with similar rights in a democratic republic. It is made clear in the argument, which has been summarized above, that it was economically a boon for the Austrians, but it is equally clear that this handsome bridal gift from

Germany must be compensated for by non-economic advantages in another field, and a glance at the map will show what field this is—the military one.

What might have led to greater natural security for Europe in 1919 or 1930 is now definitely a menace to this security. In his ninth and last chapter Dr. Borkenau applies his cold logic to showing just what this menace may be. Obviously the long Austrian border is impractical from a military point of view. "Suppose," writes Dr. Borkenau, "in one political form or another, Germany won control over the northern half of Czechoslovakia, over Bohemia and its sub-provinces. In such a case, the German border would run straight from Upper Silesia to southern Styria. This would be a border easy to defend . . ."

It would serve as a good base-line in operating the famous *Drang nach Osten*, which Nazi propaganda has laid down as the substance of German foreign policy. But would Germany stop there, with actual or real control of the Balkans? Strengthened by her new resources, she might undertake the task she has often proclaimed as her mission, to rid the world of Bolshevism. Some western powers would be pleased. But again the query arises. Would she stop there? Is Germany thinking in terms of any permanent balance of power? ". . . Big military powers have never been content with a balance of power. While France was the leading military power, under Louis XIV, and Napoleon, it aimed at conquering the world. Why should not Germany attempt to continue where Napoleon failed? Should it do so the Anschluss would not lead to the establishment of a better balance of power, but would be the prelude to a struggle for life and death between all the great powers such as the world has never witnessed before."

All people of definite political parties will quarrel with this book, for no one party or movement is held above highly critical scrutiny; and people of no party at all will equally be shocked by the remorselessness of its logic, for no one likes to be told the too naked truth. It is just this high continuity of criticism which makes it a book which anyone claiming to understand the question it considers should force himself to read.

GRATTAN FREYER.

FRANCO'S RULE. A SURVEY. Pp. xvi+264. London United Editorial Ltd. N.D. (1938). 3s. 6d. net.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN SPAIN. A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS AND RECORDS. Pp. xx+751. Volume I. London United Editorial Ltd. N.D. (1938). 7s. 6d. net.

THE LOST BRITISH POLICY. BRITAIN AND SPAIN SINCE 1700. By Barbara Wertheim, with an Introduction by Philip Guedalla. Pp. xii + 127. London: United Editorial Ltd. 1938. 3s. 6d. net. Paper, 1s.

THE WAR IN SPAIN. A WEEKLY SUMMARY. Edited by Charles Duff. Nos. 1-17. 22nd Jan.—May 14th, 1938. London: United Editorial Ltd. Each number 1d.

THE PEOPLE AND FREEDOM NEWS SHEET. Issued by The People and Freedom Group, 35 Camden Street, London W.8. No. 1. Easter 1938. 1d.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN. By Frank Jellinek. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 1938. Pp. 637. 8s. 6d. net.

From a new Catholic periodical *The People and Freedom* I quote:—
"The People is not the mob. The dictators appeal to the passions of the

mob, by their parades and sham plebiscites, but government by the People for the People means free and responsible citizens, free because they are responsible, responsible because they are free. In a democracy each individual is free to denounce injustice and uphold right, and it is his duty in conscience so to do."

"The truth shall make you free" holds good not only in religious matters, but in all things."

"Subversives of the Left would deprive society of its supernatural basis. Subversives of the Right would deprive it of its basis in natural justice. Such are those who look indulgently on treaty-breaking, on hypocritical conformism enforced by law, on injustice from which they look for 'good,' on mendacious propaganda if it be emitted by the side they favour."

"Truth is the basis of justice and the basis of freedom. . . . We are pledged to seek to hear (the voice of truth) and to make it heard."

This periodical is not "Red" but Catholic. Its heroes are Maritain and Mendizabal and advertises the French *L'Aube*, a Catholic democratic daily paper. It does not back Franco and the dukes and big business and German and Italian atrocities in Spain: it seeks the truth. The supporters of the Spanish democracy ask nothing better: they are confident that if the truth prevails, Franco will not prevail, and Spain will remain (or again become!) free.

Mr. Duff's *Weekly Summary* (which has now appeared in a new format), together with *Franco's Rule, Foreign Intervention in Spain*, and *Civil War in Spain*, with their careful and accurate documentation, should dispose for ever, in the minds of all fair-minded people, of the Non-Intervention humbug and of the supposed justice of Franco's cause. Spain—the legitimate government, supported by the bulk of the Spanish People, is at war with a foreign invader, who uses all and every means of "frightfulness" and propaganda to bring about his victory and to destroy the Spanish democracy. That is the brutal truth. There is nothing more to be said about it, except that "Non-Intervention" was designed and used to help the invader and to embarrass the Spanish Government. Mr. Duff deserves every credit for his moderate and convincing statement of the situation from week to week. It is to fearless and honest lovers of truth and democracy and freedom, like him and the Duchess of Atholl that civilisation will owe its survival, if it survives. I recommend a careful reading of Mr. Duff's summaries and of the books mentioned in the heading, as well as of the Duchess of Atholl's *Searchlight on Spain*—the cheapest and best sixpennyworth I know—to all those, and I suppose there are some even in Ireland, who wish to know the truth and form their own unbiased opinions on this horrible infraction of all laws of decency, international and national.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

BRADLEY AND BERGSON. A Comparative Study by Ram Murti Loomba, M.A.
The Upper India Publishing House, Ltd., Lucknow. Rs. 2/8 net.

Those of your readers who are interested in philosophic inquiry may spend a very pleasant couple of hours in perusal of this neat little volume of 182 pages with an index. True there are qualities of irritation to be met with here and there such as persistent split infinitives, a few expressions of incorrect English, and several blatant mis-spellings; but the indulgent reader will excuse much to a very cultured foreigner who knows his subject from a to z and handles his

heavy medium with a continued dexterity which is so consummate as scarcely to be perceptible. At this point we shall add that the paper and printing leave nothing to be desired: our own publishing-houses would do well to take a look at the format.

M. Bergson has been addressing the public in his books since his first volume appeared as far back as half-a-century ago. The best-known of all these is the epoch-making *Creative Evolution* which has been described as "a marvel, a real wonder in the history of philosophy." What an amazing gift of very striking words is his!—*Durée, élan vital, flux mouvant de la conscience*. One remembers those expressions thirty years ago on everybody's lips though everybody did not know what they meant. Perhaps the most pregnant sentence in this book before us is to be found on p. 136 where apropos Duration it is written: "Why, then," asks Hoffding, "should not the Highest be a self-development through Time?" Our author replies, "And the boldness and zeal with which Bergson has attempted to develop a view of Reality in the light of its ever-creatively active, temporal nature, constitutes his chief contribution to the philosophical thoughts of the age." That of course is true. Ultimate reality is Life. Bergson's philosophy is indeed a reaction against materialism—a kind of *via media* that chooses a path other than that of idealism—T. H. Green's idealism which Bradley found "as cold and ghostlike as the dreariest materialism." This philosophy has been named "biotism," for which life and its creative evolution are well-nigh everything.

It may be stated just here that the purpose of this little treatise is to show that when properly understood, there is really no wide divergence between the philosophies of Bradley and Bergson. Its writer is at pains to point out that Bradley's philosophy of absolute idealism and Bergson's philosophy of intuitionism form two definite stages of the idealistic movement in metaphysics which is characterised since the middle of the nineteenth century by a reaction and a protest against the introduction of "scientific" methods in philosophical investigations made current by naturalistic, evolutionistic and positivistic thinkers. The aim of metaphysics is according to Bradley ("Appearance and Reality," p. 1) an attempt to know reality as against mere appearance, or the study of first principles or ultimate truths, or again the effort to comprehend the universe, not simply piecemeal or by fragments, but somehow as a whole. Metaphysics according to Bergson ("Introduction to Metaphysics," p. 8) is an attempt to possess reality absolutely instead of knowing it relatively, by placing oneself within it instead of looking at it from outside points of view. We must have an intuition instead of making an analysis of it, seize it without any expression, translation or symbolic representation. It is, in short, *the science which claims to dispense with symbols*. Bradley and Bergson seem then to differ utterly in their respective conceptions of metaphysical inquiry. Logic as opposed to Intuition. Both however, it must be pointed out in this connexion, lay considerable emphasis on the idea that science from its very nature cannot solve the problem of ultimate reality. The author after noting that his two philosophers approach the problem of metaphysics in an attitude of general doubt and scepticism, is reminded of Descartes: *A Discourse on Method*. Who would not be? You just cannot help it. And so for a page or two we have the changes ringing on Descartes, Bradley: Bradley, Descartes until the latter

finds the "one thing certain and indubitable" in the "cogito ergo sum," whereas Bradley finds it in the principle of intellectual harmony, consistency or non-contradiction. The writer of the book before us sees a resemblance between the Cartesian proposition and Bergson's dictum: "There is one reality, at least, which we all seize from within, by intuition it is our own personality in its flowing through time—our self which endures." Bergson is seeking the durative, the continuous flux, which he calls the *élan vital* or the *vital impulse*. Descartes was concerned with the quest of substances the reality of which he could not doubt.

The best and most important chapter in this volume is the third which expounds at some length Bradley's starting point. Leaving Green and the nature of consciousness which he had made the basis of his philosophy, Bradley made a fresh start. He began with "immediate experience." It is the title of this extremely well-written third chapter where three problems of primary importance are discussed. These are they:—

- I. The metaphysical question as to what status the datum of immediate experience occupies in a general scheme of the metaphysical dialectic.
- II. The epistemological problem regarding the nature and implications of the contents of immediate experience.
- III. We have to determine how far Reality as a whole can be the object of an immediate experience, as is claimed by some religious philosophies and by mysticism in general.

It is quite impossible here to treat at length of the aforesaid three problems, but with reference to the third there is on page 77 some interesting citations of the great Christian mystics from St. Augustine to the school of the 12th century, led by Richard of St. Victor who saw in mystic contemplation the highest form of knowledge. And so we are brought to Thomas Gallus and Bonaventura, and also in opposition to them to the pantheistic mystics. Any notice of this chapter would be incomplete without reference to Spinoza's *Amor Dei intellectualis*. The author has added an appendix to chapter three containing a conception of immediate experience in the Indian system of Nyaya. Your reviewer knows nothing about it.

And so to sum up an article which has afforded much pleasure to write, Bradley did not believe in what is understood by the *personality* of God, but rather like other deists thought of the Absolute as supra-personal. Nor did he accept the attribution of *goodness* to God. Whether or not he believed in personal survival after death, to him it was not implied, as preachers so often assert, in the moral life.

There is a remarkable story told by Bergson in his book *Matter and Memory* which leads him to conclude, "Immortality becomes so probable that the onus of proof falls on him who denies it rather than on him who affirms it." May I also recommend Bergson's last book which I have found very helpful to your readers?—*The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. So will they.

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

THE GREEN FOOL. By Patrick Kavanagh. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

Intimate contact with any people is likely to persuade one that the theories of the anthropologists are a sort of inflated currency, and that there is an unfathomable difference between scientific and psychic content, and between the conventions that arrange life and life as it is actually lived. In the *Green Fool* Mr. Patrick Kavanagh, a young poet well known to contributors of the *Dublin Magazine*, tells of his life in a county of little hills somewhere between Carrickmacross and Dundalk, and the patterns of country life which he unfolds, while they may have little anthropological interest, have a human value which is measurable only in terms of actual living. His book is not fine literature, if one sights it through a literary lens, but out of it there drifts, literally, the sights and sounds of the Monaghan farmlands, and a people whose very bloodbeat seems to come out of the soil.

Mr. Kavanagh, one of a large family, was born in Mucker, a townland in the vicinity of Carrickmacross. His father was a shoemaker, his mother a careful, wise woman who would impose on her poet son the bread-and-butter ideology of her farming blood. Farmers, however, are born, not made ; and Mr. Kavanagh, though he was unaware of his function for many years after leaving school, was born, definitely, a poet. Poetry is one way of adjusting the psychic scales in one's favour. In a community where values are hardheaded but not intellectual, hearty but not of the heart, our poet was not the shining light he would have been in a more urbane section of society ; and while he entered fully into the life of the neighbourhood—it would have been impossible, indeed, to escape it—he was, even to his own thinking, not exactly of his environment. It was just that difference between himself and his neighbours which enables him, now, to keep things at imaginative distance, and to tell of them with an unprejudiced objectivity which is humourous, likeable and charmingly lyrical.

Luckily, however, he had plenty of time to take part in the life about him before he awakened to his poetic gift. The scenes and the people he describes for us are part of an experience that does not suffer from any literary self-consciousness whatsoever. They are juice of life.

In Mucker, and the neighbouring townlands, there was very little of the traditional lore which is supposed to be the peculiar heritage of the Irish countryman. There were fragments, faint relics, retained doubtfully in degraded forms. Even the Ladyday pilgrimage to the holy well was practised in the face of mockery. . . .

"The horse moved off. We were going on Pilgrimage. . . .

"Let's go the Bohar Bhee," someone suggested. It was the pilgrim's road that twisted by quiet fields away from the clever villages that laughed at ancient holiness. . . . All the vicinity of the well was packed with pilgrims. Like the mediaeval pilgrims very probably ; some were going around on their bare knees making the stations, some others were doing a bit of courting under the pilgrim cloak. There was a rowdy element, too, pegging clods at the prayers and shouting. A few knots of men were arguing politics. I overheard two fellows making a deal about a horse. . . ."

This decadence of folk-belief may mark the advent of a new epoch in mystical history, in the mystical history of Ireland where religion has been positive so

long because definite places have been associated traditionally with natural miracle. In the folk an older religion than Christianity is dying rapidly; and it seems that the folk, who know many gods instinctively through the forces of the earth, are both loath and not loath to get themselves rid of the burthen. One wonders how they will react to the more reasoned Catholicism of the future, and the Anglican Catholic incense of the Chester-Belloc following.

Mr. Kavanagh, however, though he is entitled to the poet's dispensation, rules out religion as a topic. Actually his earliest poems are, in time, somewhere B.C. Ploughing a field, lazing on a hillside while his horses crop the headland, he is involved in that outbreathing of Deity which the ancients called Pan . . .

' I find a star-lovely art
In a dark sod ;
Joy that is timeless ! O heart,
That knows God.'"

Only in verse does he transcend his rural Ireland. In prose he is of the people, realistic and hardheaded, a man with two eyes in his head, and a faculty for fine generous, lively conversation. A delightful book.

PADRAIC FALLON.

SHAKESPEARE'S INFLUENCE ON THE DRAMA OF HIS AGE : STUDIED IN HAMLET.
By Donald Joseph McGinn. Rutgers University Press. \$3.00.

It has been said that Shakespeare innovated little and left no school behind him; but there is evidence, nevertheless, that his fellow-playwrights found in his works a source of inspiration and were profoundly influenced by his inimitable art. The nature and extent of this influence is studied in the first of the "Rutgers University Studies in English," in which Mr. Donald Joseph McGinn traces meticulously the influence of a single Shakespearian play, *Hamlet*, on the English drama from 1600 to 1642. Mr. McGinn records numerous imitations of scenes and characters in *Hamlet* that occur in plays of the period, and especially, as might be expected, in plays with revenge as the main-spring of the action. These imitations, it may be noted in passing, are often of interest for the light they shed on the psychology of *Hamlet* itself: they even display, here and there, a critical attitude towards Shakespeare's treatment of his theme from various ethical and artistic standpoints. In addition to imitations of character and scene, Mr. McGinn lists as many as 474 verbal echoes, representing, it appears, a mere fraction of his original collection. He has erred, if at all, on the side of caution in the selection of his material, and records few echoes to which the least exception could be taken. He should perhaps have excluded "the front of Jove" and "Apollo gave him locks; Jove his high front," for which there is pre-Shakespearian precedent (cf. Molza's "A cui sta Giove in fronte, e Febo in seno"). The passage cited from Massinger's *Believe As You List* is a genuine echo of *Hamlet*, 5.1. 206-26, but not so the quotation from Middleton:

"Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole."

These lines were probably a reminiscence of Tasso, *Rime Eroiche*, 220 : they owe nothing to *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* was certainly a very popular play, but Mr. McGinn is not justified in inferring, from an analysis of the quite inadequate data supplied by *The Shakspere Allusion-Book*, that it was the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. Imitations and echoes of the great plays are very numerous : and, in any analysis of the data, account must be taken of the exceptional length of *Hamlet* and of the fact that that play was a pattern for all subsequent revenge-plays. Mr. McGinn combats the generally accepted opinion that Marston, in *Antonio's Revenge*, was the first to try to invest the old conventions of the revenge-play with new imaginative vitality. He contends that *Hamlet* antedated Marston's play ; but the question of priority of date is not material to his main thesis, since he has succeeded in showing that *Hamlet*, and not *Antonio's Revenge*, was responsible for the revival of interest in the drama of revenge at the beginning of the 17th century ; and, further, that it was "as a reflection of Shakespeare's genius rather than as a representative of the traditional tragedy of revenge" that *Hamlet* captivated the interest of contemporary playwrights.

R. P. C.

THE FAR FAMILIAR. Fifty New Poems by Percy MacKaye. Richards.
3s. 6d. net.

DREAMS ALIVE. By Gerald Attenborough. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d., net.

POEMS. By John Gawsworth. The Richards Press. 2s. 6d. net.

TESTAMENT. By Martha Wilson. 5s. The Richards Press. 5s.

The poems of Mr. Percy Mackaye are the fruit of a year's holiday spent in England and Scotland. The title is a happy one, for the quality of feeling which pervades these verses is exactly that which affects the sensitive artist banished by choice or chance from dear and familiar things. This vision of the English landscape and of the English poets has the fresh and vivid excitement of the returned spiritual exile. The spirits of such poets as Waller, Spenser and Burns have been such living and intimate companions of his enthusiastic poetic nature, that his poems are perhaps too resonant with echoes ; but he is gifted and clever, and in addition is the lucky possessor of a natural lyric ease ; and although, many of these verses are pastiche, their guilelessness and wit make one forgive occasional lapses into the facile and trivial. What a charming tribute to Spenser and Burns is "The Wild Flower of Twining Waters"

"Flow gently, sweet Afton ; run softly, sweet Thames,
Till I pluck a wild rose from between your twin stems
To plant in remembrance, and sow its quick seed,
Entwined with your own, in the banks of the Tweed.

Dear Robin and Edmund, like you now I roam
With only a poem for pillow and home,
Where Edmund, you touch me, and lull my line along . . .
Bright Tweed, run slowly, till I tune my song."

I like too the enchanting gravity of the sonnet on King's College Chapel called "The Three Communicants," and also a longer poem entitled "Cronklands" a most entertainingly strange dialogue between Edgar Allan Poe, Rip Van Winkle and Arthur Rackham. Mr. MacKaye has been extraordinarily successful in catching the exact feeling of Rackham's fantastical pictures in a grotesque poetical analogy.

"Dreams Alive" by Gerald Attenborough is a beautifully produced quarto, printed on one side of the paper only, with a pretty little decoration opposite the verses, which are not alas! up to the level of such elegant book production. Though appreciative of the delights of Nature and of love, the author has not yet acquired the skill with words necessary to turn his feelings, however ardent, into poetry. He falls into ordinary prose colloquialism far too easily. In "The Three Gifts" he spoils a tolerably good first stanza, with the unendurably trite last line

"To me O God, these things mean such a lot"

and there is far too much sentimental banality like the following

"But softly peaceful is the thought that I
Shall never cause you pain or make you cry."

If Mr. Attenborough continues to feel a true and not-to-be-suppressed urge to write verse, I should recommend him to study the Elizabethans who wrote simple poetry "with a difference."

Mr. John Gawsorth aims at a concentrated perfection and crystal simplicity. He reminds me of Dowson in many of these poems, which possess the same fastidiousness, the same nostalgic, wistful appeal, but like Dowson too, his weakness is, that he occasionally oversteps the very slender bridge between such feeling, and a somewhat anaemic sentimentality. It would be a pity if so genuine a poet should let himself be betrayed into a spurious "poor dreamer" attitudinising. The poems on the whole are sensitive and musical, the informing idea admirably wedded to the delicately refined texture, with that hard-won economy so difficult of achievement. Some of these little moth-like pieces possess a fragile perfection reminiscent of Chinese craftsmanship. "Turville Mill" is one of the best.

"Turville Mill is broken,
The fabric starkly rent ;
Yet stands it to betoken
Decay's slow argument.

In wind-blown dereliction
The shaking antic spars
Creak their last malediction
Against the eternal stars."

Miss Martha Wilson, the last of these poets and the only woman among them, is by paradox the least feminine of the four. Her sonnet sequence, although the confession of a tragical love-history, has an essentially masculine, and even stoical strength and directness. She shows unusual power in her command of language, and a logical lucidity in the working-out of the idea that

informs each sonnet. She employs, as did Shakespeare and Ronsard before her, much classical and mythological imagery, but her verbal vitality is such, that she imbues the out-worn symbols with a new and glowing life. She writes sonnets, as if she enjoyed doing it, and one gets the impression of a bold and forthright Amazon riding in the wars of love in shining silver armour, and bright be-feathered helmet; a gay and gallant ship with all its canvas spread to the uncertain winds, and tempestuous waves of the ocean of Cypris.

The sustained poetic level of her fifty-eight sonnets is a remarkably high one and it will be interesting to watch her talented progress in other verse forms.

MONA GOODEN.

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN VERSE. AN ANTHOLOGY CHOSEN BY JOHN GAWSWORTH.

Martin Secker. 6s. net.

Mr. John Gawsworth, that indefatigable anthologist, justifies this new one as follows. "Mr. W. B. Yeats tried with the one hundred contributors admitted to the Oxford book of Modern Verse, to include all good poets who have lived or died from three years before the death of Tennyson until September, 1936. This book attempts, merely, after a fresh survey, to draw attention to some additional writers of the same period." Whether one joined in the chorus of critical disapproval which greeted the exceedingly individual choice of the greatest living poet, or whether one applauded a selection whose inclusions at least were almost all valuable, a supplementary book of lyrics collected by a young writer of sensitive discrimination is very welcome.

The chief point of anthologies should be to send the casual reader to explore further the range of any chosen poet, and at a time like the present when the cinema, the wireless and the daily paper usurp the minds of the majority, a book like this of lyrics whose charm for the most part is simple and musical rather than political or philosophical, should do much to encourage those whose excuse for not reading poetry is that they cannot understand it. The compiler has a gift for selecting from a poet's opus something unusual and little known, even from the work of men whose output of verse might on the whole be considered dull or uninspired, he selects just the one or two poems with a genuine touch of imaginative fire. Irish men and women are well represented; it is pleasant to refresh one's memory of President Hyde's matchless "I shall not die for thee," and Patrick Kavanagh, one of the youngest Irish writers contributes a beautiful little poem called "Plough Horses." In his zeal not to overlook any hidden lyrical merit I think Mr. Gawsworth has been over-indulgent in some cases, but the only anthologies worth the making have consisted entirely of personal preferences, and in any case how much more admirable to have the courage of one's poetic convictions than to follow always the safe and re-iterated path.

M. G.

I FOLLOW ST. PATRICK. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. London: Rich and Cowan, 16s. net.

I found it well worth while to follow our author in his preliminary search for Ireland's great saint, leading into the chapters which record his find.

Naturally, there was much to be noted on either side of our road, and the asides with which the doctor enlivened the way were such as one would expect from our knowledge of his style of describing even commonplace happenings.

But when his ready facility of quoting from the classic poets began to show itself, I got out of step with him, so to say, because he did not translate. He wanted it put down to his modesty, his translation would be so poor, he felt he should leave the lines in their beauty. In one case he says: "I like to see even the shapes of its lines and letters in print," and the charm of this is beyond question. Still, an eloquent companion speaking a foreign tongue, is not primarily, what one would choose to add to the enjoyment of fine scenery. However, he relents later on, and, once more we are side by side. Perhaps, at times, he halts in our journey for a pause to comment on a blot on our present-day national life, and this has a tendency to make us skip on ahead to see how long he is likely to be. We spend some time trying to find out where Patrick was born. Finally, someone says, "Try Bristol," and the doctor decides to look for possible legends among the seafaring men, who send him into Wales. Nothing definite so we come to Ulster and trace much about his serving Milchu.

At last we are on the road, but the "times that's in it" are against us. We go to Ballymena for Slemish on the 12th July, and here we shall find—you and I—the doctor in an adventurous mood; he says: "I went on 12th July, because I wished to get as near as possible to the mentality of the fifth century. I was in the country of Picts or Cruithne . . . The Picts were in full war panoply on 12th July, to commemorate a royal legate who, like St. Patrick before him, was confirmed in his mission by the Pope." He tells us of the music and the drums, and that there is a difficult and elaborate ceremony connected with the preparation of a drum. The skin has to be treated with whiskey over a considerable period before it can give the best results. Now, this delayed us away from Patrick for thirteen pages. However, we arrive at Slemish and so on to Skerry.

We follow the traces of the escaping Patrick as far as Gaul, where we find ourselves among the olive gardens about Grasse, and dig up a scandal of eighty-eight years ago—but soon that is behind us, and we arrive back in Ireland and the Saint is manifested to the reading public of this twentieth century, authentic according to tradition and the "Confession" or Testimony familiar to students of this period.

There seems to have been some confusion in Dr. Gogarty's mind, or some mis-statement in the authorities used by him, in speaking of the Hill of Slane, and the Cemetery of Brugh na Bóinne. St Patrick and his companions are pictured walking from Drogheda to Slane, along the left bank of the Boyne. They

would have passed between the river and two monuments which were immemorial even then, and long regarded with awe by the magicians of the King: Dowth the great green tumulus, and Brugh, that sepulchral final hosting of warriors, inviolable and august, for it belonged to a race of immortal heroes who had long ago become divine. This was the Brugh of the Boyne, a cemetery, older than our history, which the minds of men peopled with gods. It was Brugh na Boinne, the Brugh of Angus the Long-handed, the Gaelic Apollo, the Master of all Arts.

As a matter of fact they would have passed in sequence, Dowth then the Brugh of Angus, and lastly Knowth, which like Dowth, is also a great green tumulus, about which are ancient traditions as to its celebrations "of mourning and lamentation."

But the confusion exists in the statement that the Brugh of the Boyne was a cemetery. This is not so. The Cemetery covered a district of wide extent, but whose limits cannot now be defined. It was called the Cemetery of Brugh na Boinne, because the Brugh (or "palace" as it is called in an ancient poem dealing with the cemetery)—the Brugh or Palace of Angus was there. Some of our authorities were of the opinion that the three large mounds considerably ante-dated the cemetery.

Also *Angus was not the Long-handed*, this title is ascribed to Lugh Lamfhada.—Lugh the Sun-god, as Angus was the god of fire and love, according to some.

With regard to the Brugh, the Poem of Mic Oenna said "Behold the Sidh before your eyes, It is manifest that it is a Palace, a King's mansion" (I quote from memory)—but it is not a cemetery, nor, I believe, a tomb.

Likewise, the picture of the mound within the twelve tall pillars standing about it in a ring, could not be applied to the Brugh. There are still standing, in the immediate neighbourhood of the entrance into the mound—three or four, and twelve such stones at the same approximate distances would not be out of sight of the entrance—never around the mound. Dr. Coffey in his monograph on "New Grange—Brugh-na-Boinne," says thirty-five would be the number.

Dr. Gogarty is not writing as an archaeologist, I am aware, but as his book will prove a very popular volume, I take this opportunity of pointing out the above flaws.

Sometimes the humour of the truly witty author is, shall we say, a little discordant. For instance, the descent from the spheres, of Castor and Pollux, into incarnation to-day, in the bookmaker and his clerk—"Castor the horse-fancier, and pugilist Pollux"—after linking them with the worship of the Dioscuri, whatever that may have been.

And there is an undignified gibe at the spending of " millions on Woolworth Irish—call the language Gaelic if you will."

But, this notwithstanding, "I follow St. Patrick" is a most enjoyable book to read, and the account of the ascent of Croagh Patrick is excellent description and of delightful humour.

And the doctor's heart is warm towards the Ancient Ireland of Oisin . . .

I broke into song to cheer myself with Ossian's Lay. "The music Finn loved was that which filled the heart with joy and gave light to the countenance, the music of the blackbird of Letter Lea I never heard, by my soul, sounds sweeter than that"

It is a great thing to belong to a land that has a past like this, where the farther you go back the more strong are the messages of delight in the beauty of external Nature, and in the good cheer of sport.

The maps (most likeable maps) and illustrations by Bip Pares, are excellent. The pictures are washed in with fine broad, sure touch—I can only describe

the tint as that of "Blue Black ink." The drawing of "Lugnaedon's Stone, Oughterard," is a noteworthy instance of a convincing record of the stone in its natural surroundings. The publishers, Messrs. Rich and Cowan, have done justice to both Author and Artist.

A. K.

KING OF THE BEGGARS. By Seán O'Faolain. Nelson, 12s. 6d.

This brilliant book does, and magnificently, full justice to Daniel O'Connell, while concealing none of his faults. It is not a normal detailed biography, but a study of him against his background, a weighing of his accomplishment in the light of the times in which he lived and the material he had to work with. As such, it is in the main a most satisfactory book and a first-class biography. O'Connell's real achievement was that he made his people stand up on their feet, with their heads up, and face their oppressors. He put courage and hope into them. He fought the Ascendancy, and beat them, in their own Courts and Corporations. He made his successors possible. Surrounded by weaklings and incompetents—he could not really work with equals—he spent himself in their service. And if he was dead to spiritual values, contemptuous of tradition, blind to the Irish language and what it meant, that is only to say that he was a utilitarian political realist. He set out to bring his people out of slavery and some way towards freedom, and he did it. It was necessary to do it in his way as a preliminary to the evolution in the Irish consciousness of the spiritual and intellectual concepts which came in with the Young Irelanders and never afterwards quite left us. Men have to stand up and face the sun before they can move forward into the light. It was O'Connell who made us stand up.

There are, however, certain things, fringes, so to speak, of his theme, which Mr. O'Faolain exaggerates. He is in revolt against and irritated with, Mr. Corkery's extremes, and therefore he is unduly bellicose against the Gael. He exaggerates the wretchedness of the Irish in the eighteenth century, and misunderstands the Irish aristocratic temper and civilisation as a tyrannical one, which it was not—we are still an aristocratic people, not a democratic one, and we shall remain so. He does not understand at all that, were it not for the Irish language in the century after 1691, there might be no Irish People at all. In the darkness of this period the people reformed themselves behind the rampart of Irish, and when O'Connell came they were ready to move up—on one of the avenues of reconquest. And his general view of the soul of a Nation is strangely materialistic. He does not seem to have considered the conception of it as a thing of itself, apart from odd materialistic manifestations of it in political matters. Nor was there ever any chance of this country becoming like Scotland or Wales. They bowed the head. We never did. There is such a thing as an unconquerable will. We had it and they had it not.

In the past O'Connell has been criticised mostly because he was not a Gaelic Leaguer or a Separatist. But he was sufficient to his time, and he had to work with the materials of his time. He was a political realist, doing a specific job, and blind and deaf to everything else. His work was done in 1829. In normal circumstances his Repeal Movement would have passed from his hands to those of Davis and Mitchel and Gavan Duffy. It would have been seen as what it was, an evolutionary and broadening process of national self-realisation. The

Famine changed all that, but the spiritual values remained. Davis and Mitchel were the progenitors of Stephens and O'Leary and Kickham, and in the Irish-Ireland—Sinn-Fein Movement all of these came to fruition. The final movement was not political alone, nor cultural alone, nor intellectual alone—it was all three. Its architects were Douglas Hyde, Arthur Griffith and W. B. Yeats. And the new Nation moves on into the future, with the culture and the traditions and the hopes of all the people of Ireland mingled, irrespective of race or creed. We are trying to work out the Nation of Thomas Davis. P. S. O'H.

THE MODERN HISTORIAN. By C. H. Williams. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

This is an excellently chosen and pleasantly printed series of extracts illustrating the advance, the nature, the widening scope, the defects and the triumphs of English historical writing since the days of Gibbon. How far History is a science and how far an art, though an old discussion, is handled freshly by the editor who is himself a distinguished writer as well as a Professor of History. It can be recommended to that large and ever growing band of young men and women in Ireland who are undertaking the rewriting of our history now that it has passed out of the tendentious stage. Not only will such students profit by the example of England where historical writing has shown itself capable of being both scientific and readable but ordinary readers will derive much entertainment from reading by masterly examples how History is treated by such diverse exponents as Acton, Belloc, Tout, Wells, Stubbs, Guedalla, Trevelyan, Pollard and other leading names. Whether in the dry light or the high light they are all seen at their best. E. C.

THE STORY OF ACHILLES. Translated into plain English by W. H. D. Rouse. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

Is "The Story of Achilles" well known to children nowadays? Do they follow, with the hot interest that we felt, the terrible events of those battles between Trojans and Achaeans? I sometimes wonder. Do they love Hector? and feel pity for old King Priam? Are they moved so much that, on hearing of the intervention of a goddess, they may perhaps call out—as we sometimes did—"that wasn't fair!" In short, does Homer mean much to them? A nation reared on Homer is well nourished; unaccustomed to blink at stern truths, yet ready to see that nobility is in gentleness and generous thought. And now that we have this splendid version of the old story I am full of the wish that every boy and girl I know should read this book. They hold back—they think it will be dry or stuffy. If they could only know. There is no more human document in all the world. There is nothing that makes better reading. T. D.

THE ARTS OF MANKIND. Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Harrap. 15s.

To unfold the history of all the arts from the earliest times down to the present day (or rather, yesterday) is what Dr. Van Loon attempts in this pleasant looking volume of something over four hundred pages.

One is prepared for omissions, naturally, but not for some of the omissions here made, which include most of the world's major poets, dramatists and

novelists, those not excluded being barely mentioned by name. This, no doubt, clears the way of the dry-and-dusty for a uniform and exciting transmission of sensuous delight. But it makes for a lack, too, as of a book all pictures and no words. (Incidentally, this volume is richly provided with happy, out-of-the-way illustrations by the author.) Literature because it is the most conceptual of the arts, has, perhaps, been the most nourishing to general artistic activity. In the beginning was the Word! It is clear that Dr. Van Loon's delight is in the coloured flaunting things that spring from this brooding soil.

Indeed, one feels that he is most at home not with the arts but with the crafts, and that a book on the crafts, though less ambitious, would have been more after his heart's desire and, therefore, a better book. He can be platitudinous on Michael Angelo, but not on the colours of Persia or the gaieties of Provence, nor on the ravishing intimacy of the rococo epoch, "in many respects the most important in all history." His summing up of this epoch is typical. "If it is the duty of all the arts to contribute to the ultimate and highest of the arts, the art of living, then the rococo period came as near to perfection as any age before or afterwards."

Quite so. But what of the poets so strangely excluded from this history of the arts? How would they fare in that painted world—unless they should sing not to the lyre but to the mandoline!

T. MACG.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THOMAS. By James Guthrie. The Pear Tree Press. 5s. net.

What a versatile talent Mr. James Guthrie possesses! He has designed this elegant folio volume, which is beautifully printed in Perpetua monotype, and has not only written an illuminating and intimate memorial essay on his friend Edward Thomas, but has also included some of his own lyrics, and two imaginative engravings. To have achieved in two arts such evident distinction is a remarkable feat. In his prose he handles the English language with a lucid vigour and freshness, and absence of cliché, which in an age of colloquial vulgarisms make him a delight to read. The poem called "Flowering Currant" with its accompanying design create a lyrical harmony, rare in verse married to illustration.

Edward Thomas belonged to the class of Jefferies, Borrow and Hudson in that he was a natural wanderer and observer, a poet-naturalist of a large, simple and direct mind—"He, for all his Welsh blood, belonged to the great English landscape tradition of Morland, Old Crome and the rest. He was attached to permanent, slow-moving affairs, and not concerned with trifles. Literature to him was the expression of a manly sincerity, a way of life." He had a gift for making and keeping friends, and seems to have been a loyal, sincere and gay companion, fond of endless conversations, singing songs, and swimming; and able to be happy with a child, an animal, a flower. Nor did he ever traduce the vision within him; he died courageously at the height of his powers, and most truthfully, as his friend says, "Poetry is the sum, the whole essence of his work, the attitude natural to him." Mr. Guthrie includes in this most worthy memorial some extracts from letters to Hudson the naturalist which throw much light on Thomas's literary preferences and dislikes.

M. G.

THE WAVELESS PLAIN—AN ITALIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Walter Starkie, Litt.D. John Murray. 12s. 6d.

“All that one has ever dreamt about the Greek world”—in that phrase Dr. Starkie reveals what is, for me, the chief charm of this book—his love for ancient Greece; when writing of that he gives his very best. Listen to this—we have been with him through “The Waveless Plain,” we have come to Sicily, to Girgenti, we hear:—“It was a relief after days of monotonous tramping to enter once again the world of ancient Greece, for to stand upon the hills of Girgenti and gaze down over the trees at the long line of temples silhouetted against the sea is to see in a flash a complete vision of Greek antiquity. . . . The view of Girgenti’s row of temples rising out of the landscape like a magic city becomes the epitome of all that one has ever dreamt about the Greek world. Those temples poised on its hills in their ethereal beauty against the background of the blue sea fill the wanderer with a tragic sense of the futility of all that the world has created ever since. . . . Girgenti is a dangerous place for a wanderer to halt at . . . it is as dangerous as hearkening to the sweet song of the Sirens which fills the mind with overwhelming longing.”

All through the book, all through his travels we feel this love of the ancient world. He slips away from those gypsies, of whom I think he is too fond—my only, or almost only quarrel with the author—and faces a perilous eight-mile walk in order to glimpse the lonely column of the temple of Hera. He spends, when in Syracuse, most of his leisure hours in the Greek theatre, and tells us:—“Looking back over my impressions of Grecian Italy, I cannot remember any place that awoke in my mind such a wealth of images and emotions. . . . I always arrived at the theatre before sundown when the golden light mellowed the modern city. At that hour, gazing down from the Nymphaeum, I imagined the ancient city on the island with its painted temples. . . . I could reconstruct in my mind not only the vast tragedy of the Athenian expedition, with its final battle fought out in the Great Harbour in full view of the opposing armies and populace, but I could also evoke the scenes in the theatre ever since that day in the fifth century when Gelon’s workmen cut it out of the hillside sloping to the shore.” There are not many of us who, given the opportunity for such travels, could bring with us a mind, and a heart, so richly stored, so prepared for Italy’s wealth of historical treasure. One thinks how that young Dublin student of some years back must have loved the classics.

But not only the ancient world holds his love. Dr. Starkie is champion of the Italy of to-day. His chapters on the rise of Fascism are full of interest. There is an interview with Mussolini—a defence of the Abyssinian campaign, and, to mention a less controversial subject, a lovely account of a musical festival at Venice, “the world’s most beautiful drawing-room.” There are memories of Duse, of D’Annunzio, of Verga. . . . But I have no more space.

T. D.

1937-1938 ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY OF THE ONE ACT PLAY MAGAZINE. Contemporary Play Publications. 2.50.

The first issue of “The One Act Play Magazine” appeared in New York in the May of 1937. Within a year this periodical had published forty-six plays.

And now there comes to us, in book form, an anthology of ten plays chosen from these forty-six. Not necessarily the ten best ; the compiler has wished to give a selection representative of the magazine, and the selection proves that "The One Act Play Magazine" is of count. Its Editor, William Kozlenko, international in outlook, has got in touch with the whole one act world ; plays from all countries and on all themes are welcomed by him. Of the ten in this volume "Blood of the Martyrs" stands out most fiercely ; it is a terrible revelation of the wrongs endured under dictatorship. Ramon Sender's "The Secret" and "The Turbulent Waters" by Emjo Basshe also show the artists' longing to voice the wrongs of their time. These three plays are cries for pity, cries against that inhumanity which floods the world of to-day. "Privilege and Privation" for all its lightness of touch has tragic undertones. But though "Singing Piedmont" treats of "those downtrodden blacks" I found it full of joy. "The Street Attends a Funeral" is a lovely play, with a quiet, unbroken tenderness. The others are "Freedom" by John Reed ; "Vengeance in Leka" by Wycliffe McCracken ; "When You Are Twenty-one" by Ludwig Thoma ; and "Why I Am A Bachelor"—a piece of gaiety—by Conrad Seiler.

I wish we had in Ireland such a book. I wish we had more of the spirit of zest and internationalism that brought this book into being. T. D.

WILD FLOWERS IN BRITAIN. By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. B. T. Batsford Ltd. 8s. 6d.

Here is a book that is neither a "Botany" nor a "Flora," nor yet is it merely a popular book on plants. Rather, it might be described as an advertisement for the study of Britain's native flowers, set out to catch the eye and capture the imagination of people who have not yet delved into those treasures. Hundreds of Britain's most lovely wild plants are described in glowing terms, but, in contrast, the few of their plainer relatives which are admitted are mentioned almost apologetically. The author has his own decided views about the attractiveness of the various species, even admitting his contempt for many of them, and whole botanical orders have been put aside as practically unworthy of notice. In this way, the book falls lamentably short of the ideal as a beginner's book on field botany.

The author modestly describes his work as being written by an amateur for amateurs ; but the reader will soon discover that Mr. Gathorne-Hardy is far from being an amateur, except in its most literal meaning—a lover of his work. He has a rare gift of lucid and concise description, which continues throughout the book ; and, if some parts tend to become little more than a series of descriptions, at least there is a complete absence of that tiresome "padding" with which earlier writers were wont to swell their voluminous works.

After two chapters in which the more ubiquitous wild flowers are described, the author takes his reader by the roadside and the riverside, and through the woodlands : here he enlarges upon the particular colonies of plants gathered together in each of these places, but there are frequent diversions which render the book less valuable as a source of reference than might have been the case

To the Irish reader there is the further disadvantage that many of the plants spoken of as being frequently met with are by no means common in this country, some indeed are altogether wanting. To mention but one—the pretty Rosebay Willow Herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*), the glory of so many of England's woods and railway banks, occurs only as a rather rare alpine on Irish mountains!

But the greatest attraction of the whole book is to be found in the illustrations. The coloured plates are of distinctly Victorian type, and might well have been omitted. The numerous line drawings in the text have been carefully executed by the artist, John Nash ; and the 100 photographs, which include many gems of Nature photography, are a sheer joy to behold. These latter, all showing flowers blooming amidst their natural surroundings, comprise one of the best of suchlike collections yet produced.

H. J. H.

COURBET AND THE NATURALISTIC MOVEMENT. The John Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

The two theses which form the major part of these ten essays—1. That all artistic movement spreads outwards beyond its particular art to non-artistic activities, 2. That all arts are co-relative with each other, moulded by each other, and all influenced by the epoch in which they have functioned, are clearly and ably set forth by the various scholars who have contributed to this interesting collection.

In his foreword George Boas, quoting Gissing on the subject of Naturalism writes, "When the hero leaned over to kiss the heroine, she sneezed," pleasantness and its opposite are only feelings. The chemist studying reactions on chemicals does not think of a *nice* or *bad* smell, but only of their properties. So Naturalism stands for the transfer of the scientist's point of view to artistry. The essays are, perhaps, a trifle prolix, and could with advantage be simplified, and the work would have gained greatly in value by the inclusion of more reproductions of Courbet's painting.

In his essay on *Naturalism in America*, Mr. C. H. Sawyer writes of Naturalism that it is, by its objective point of view on the part of the painter, on all aspects of life :

- " 1. What the critic *said* the painter was trying to do.
- 2. What the painter *said* he was trying to do.
- 3. What the painter *did* in terms of his own medium."

But surely real criticism must be concerned with the third statement. Ugliness and beauty are foils to each other and are to be regarded as part of the alphabet of artistic expression—not as its main reason. In his foreword Dr. Boas states that the unfamiliar is never beautiful and I agree. "In the late nineteenth century artists lost their preoccupation with man, and found a new interest in men" and further, "The same thing was true of the workman . . . it must never be forgotten by students of European cultural history that the Christian tradition had considered work as a punishment. One of the interpretations of the Fall of Adam which had most prestige was that which maintained that Adam lived in a state of blessed idleness . . . he lived in fact, very much like the romantic savages of the South Seas were said to live a few

years ago. Shakespeare's laborers are always comic figures. One took wealth for granted in fiction." This little collection of essays is a work which should be in all the universities, academies, and colleges of art. H. KERNOFF.

NOT ALL SLEEP. By Sheila Radice. Arnold & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE TROUBLED HOUSE. By Rosamond Jacob. Browne & Nolan. 7s. 6d.

THE MILL IN THE NORTH. By Patricia O'Connor. Talbot Press. 5s.

"Not All Sleep"—an English novel of the 18th century, an unusual story told with delicacy and skilful tenderness, full of suggestive touches, full of atmosphere—such is the book that Mrs. Radice has written about James Hammond. This young poet, born in the eighth year of Queen Anne, did not publish one line of his own work, but, following his early death, letters written by him, in verse, to Katherine Dashwood were published by his friend Lord Chesterfield; since then much has been written of him. It is said that the ghosts of Hammond and the girl whom he loved haunt the neighbourhood of Stowe, Buckinghamshire. An account of their appearance in June of 1928 moved Mrs. Radice to write this book. Hammond first met Kitty Dashwood when, as a schoolboy, he watched the coronation of George II. Later he became a member of the British Embassy at the Hague. His young life was spent in an atmosphere of intrigue, the Court was divided, plot, counter-plot and suspicion prevailed; the boy was betrayed, and accused of dishonourable intentions. . . Readers who know little of the English politics of that day may wish that Mrs. Radice had been more explicit, and yet a more harshly marked background might have spoiled the lovely portrait she has given.

And now an Irish novel, fitly called "The Troubled House." Too many opinions, too much talk, but I read it from start to finish with deep interest. The story begins at that time when "the newspapers were still full of the death of Terence MacSwiney" and finishes with the Anglo-Irish truce. We get a realistic picture of those terrible months; raids, arrests, escapes, reprisals and counter-reprisals. The Cullen family of father, mother and three sons is drawn into the very centre of the conflict. There is a clashing of viewpoints, many moving scenes, and even in the midst of tragedy, a sense of humour is preserved. Why then, in spite of much wisdom, are we aware of a limited quality in the whole? Has the story been too carefully planned? the prescribed bounds too faithfully kept? Theo, Liam and Roddy Cullen are types rather than individuals. Nix Ogilvie is an individual, and so is the boys' mother. I liked Mrs. Cullen. But the family discussions were apt to be—as so often in real life—far too lengthy.

Not less Irish in atmosphere, though scarcely mentioning politics is Patricia O'Connor's "The Mill in the North." This is a first novel, and very good. Towards the end it weakens slightly: Peter Montgomery is too easily got rid of, and the Isobel-Charles episodes seem very long-drawn, but these are minor points. Ringawoody Spinning Mill, ruled by the stern John Harkness, dominates the life of the village of Ballynahinch. It cannot dominate Nancy Orr; here is a character that will stand out; she brought to one reader's mind the central figure in Nora Hoult's "Holy Ireland." Because of her the book is warm and fresh and glowing. Nancy had views of her own: "she even went so far as to write a very stiff letter to the *Down Recorder*!" Her creator has a sense of humour. We will look eagerly for the next book by Patricia O'Connor. T. D.

TALES BY NEW ZEALANDERS. Edited by C. R. Allen. British Authors' Press.
7s. 6d.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN SHORT STORIES. Edited by J. W. Marriott. Nelson.
3s. 6d.

In this New Zealand collection of short stories I have not found one of outstanding merit. The country of Katherine Mansfield should do better. What is New Zealand thinking of? Has none of her modern short story writers gone more deeply to the roots of life than the authors represented in this volume? Sir Hugh Walpole states, in the foreword, that the interest of the stories lies in the fact that they are about New Zealanders by New Zealanders. This is not quite enough; many of them seem hardly worth publication. "The Story of Wi" is good. I liked "Old Mortality" and the tiny sketch called "Visiting Day."

On a very different footing is J. W. Marriott's "Anthology of Modern Short Stories." Mr. Marriott has the advantage of not being limited to any one country. Here we have some of the English speaking world's very best. Everybody *should* read Stacy Aumonier's "The Great Unimpressionable." To me it brought more joy than any other story in the volume. Stacy Aumonier and Frank O'Connor, whose "Peasants" we find here, have much in common. Then there is Pauline Smith's "The Pain"—a lovely thing—and "Selina's Parable" by Walter de la Mare, and many others that are good: eighteen in all. T. D.

PRINCESS LIEVEN. By H. Montgomery Hyde. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

Had she lived in our time, Princess Dorothea Lieven would most likely have enjoyed a magnificently limelighted career! As a woman of the earlier part of the nineteenth century, however, her rôle lay chiefly behind the scenes. She was an "influence." A classic example of the *intrigante*, the diplomatic syren.

When still no more than a girl, Dorothea accompanied her husband, Prince Christopher Lieven, to London, where he had been appointed Russian ambassador at the Court of St. James. During the years that followed (1812-1834) it became apparent that she and not he was the real ambassador, and it was due to her "meddling" that the Lievens were recalled from London. Their career seemed finished. But Dorothea, breaking with her husband, went to live in Paris. Her romance with Guizot, a more profound attachment than her earlier liaison with Metternich, fittingly closed an extraordinary career.

Admirably assembled is the material that makes up this book, and if Dr. Hyde's writing lacks warmth, it is enlivened by many extracts from Madame de Lieven's correspondence. These letters, sharp and piquant, are remarkable for the glimpses they afford of such figures as the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV), Castlereagh, Tsar Alexander I, etc. There is self-revelation, too, as in this from Lake Maggiore: "How beautiful! . . . But if only there were some newspapers!" Or this to Metternich: "You would not believe how beautiful Italy has made me . . . You are missing a great deal by not seeing me, and no doubt this is the Indian summer of my charm. Fogs and journeys will make me lose it all; and age will prevent a second miracle—what a pity!"

T. MACG.

WHILE I REMEMBER. By Patrick Bradley. Browne & Nolan. 7s. 6d.

One tires of hearing that nothing nowadays can equal conditions of the past, yet in Mr. Bradley's reminiscences there is a pleasant quality that keeps us reading. The picture of Irish country life in his youth is not over-coloured, and for that reason, and because of the great change since then, it is something to be preserved. His memories of America—Part 2 of the volume—are, I think, of less account. Part 3 is made up of various stray essays, some on political questions now out of date, some—as his views on the policy of protection—well worth careful study. They are written out of wide experience, and reflection.

CANCEL ALL VOWS. By Lilo Linke. Constable. 8s. 6d.

Dispassionateness is the mark of this story of refugees from the Nazi revolution. And this is well, for the poignancy of these uprooted lives speaks for itself. Coolly, faithfully Fraulein Linke records the varying tendencies of her characters as, tossed about, bewildered by the surging life of indifferent Paris, they struggle, hope, despair. Despairing, indeed, is her hero Julius Bergman, war-wounded ex-lawyer, a figure of bitter distinction. His slow surrender to suicide is described with moving artistry. More courageous, but of coarser fibre is Marthe Jansen, who strives with all her being to save Julius from his fate. By her optimism he is at once touched and maddened, too well aware how strongly he is held by past horrors and future forebodings.

Uprooted German intellectuals are also the subject of "The Refugees" by Libby Benedict (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.). Here the scene is laid in London, shifting to Paris and Berlin. This book, too, has a fine detachment, though far less "body" and observation than Fraulein Linke's novel. Indeed, the characters are shadowy, types rather than individual beings, and it is obvious that the author's interests are mainly ideological. At least three-quarters of the story are given over to discussion, but the talk is good, and never facile or commonplace. A rather scattered book, but of an unusual intellectual quality.

T. MACG.

THE SWORD OF LOVE. By Rearden Conner. Cassel. 8s. 6d.

When Mary Maher had got rid of her weak-spirited spouse by hurling him downstairs in his drunken stupor, she proceeded to dominate the countryside—the scene is in County Cork—as much by her ferocious strength of character as by her avidly acquired wealth. Hated and feared by her neighbours, whom she in turn despises, she centres all her ambitions on her son Pat. He, however, refuses to fit in with her "grand" plans, and grows more and more estranged to his fierce mother. From this contest between mother and son, the story moves to a tragic and sensational climax.

It is on the character of Mary Maher that Mr. Riorden Conner expends all his attention. At least, she is the most real thing in a book in which there are too many false notes. The whole background is curiously unreal. Even in Mary's character, there is too much tension, too little repose, and one is left with an impression as of a figure gesticulating, strident, against a canvas back-cloth. Nevertheless, power, a volitional intensity is imparted to the amazon that would not disgrace Balzac at his second best.

T. MACG.

LOVE HERE IS MY HAT. William Saroyan. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE LEAR OMNIBUS. Edited by R. L. Megroz. Nelson. 3s. 6d.

TRENT INTERVENES. E. C. Bentley. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE. Rupert Croft-Cooke. Geoffrey Bles. 3s. 6d.

To dub a writer humorous is to place him in the most depressing category. The smile of the satirist receives recognition but an honest-to-God laugh is met with a shudder. The cult of *Punch* may have something to do with it, or the Bank Holiday writing of Edwardian days when the World suffered from Jerome K. Jerome and others of that ilk. America has done much of late to remedy this. Thurber and now Saroyan have given back to laughter much of its self-respect.

In Saroyan farce and feeling are curiously mated ; as though Katherine Mansfield collaborated with the Marx Brothers. Some of these stories are in deadly earnest ; some are fooling ; some, betwixt and between. One might easily over-rate his work. He may not be an important writer : he is certainly a very interesting and entertaining one.

There is no need to extol Mr. Lear. This admirable edition (illustrated) is a bargain. Now that it is the fashion to talk so very seriously about Lear and Lewis Carroll, it comes almost as a shock to find how fresh their nonsense remains. If the explanation of their charm is frustration, it is a pity that some writers of our time do not suffer from similar disabilities.

“Trent’s Last Case” is one of the best detective books. It is no great disparagement of these stories to say none of them equals its predecessor. The author’s method is better suited to the full length novel ; but these stories are well written and very ingenious ; too ingenious, at times. The explosive placed in the head of a golf-club, for example, seems a complicated and uncertain way of committing a murder. But even that exploit is made plausible by this skilful story-teller.

Mr. Croft-Cooke enumerates the many legitimate ways in which one can pleasantly spend one’s time—going to the ballet, travelling, reading books. It is very helpful to have it down in writing.

T. D. V. W.

THE TIME OF WILD ROSES. By Doreen Wallace Collins. 8s. 6d.

For a book about farming and the English countryside this novel is curiously lacking in earthiness. Its approach to Agriculture (with a capital “A”) is severely abstract, and bristles with problems, theories, implied necessities. And there is the personal problem of Laurence Blackmore, that young man whose vocation for farming is shackled by a too perfect marriage with a rich and pretty woman. In its schoolmasterly way it is an honest, clean-cut piece of work. Miss Wallace has keen observation and a nicely balanced sense of character as shown in her portrayal of Margery Greene, middle-aged, fighting with Time, who, incidentally, has no relation with the agricultural part of the story.

T. MACG.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN HISTORICAL FICTION. Edited by F. J. Tickner. Nelson. 3s. 6d.

We are apt to forget that history is not always period. And here is Mr. F. J. Tickner to remind us by his selection for this anthology of such chapters as "A Forsyte Encounters the People," Galsworthian account of a London air raid, or "Pictures of Edwardian England" by V. Sackville West. Far off things are represented by such colourful interludes as "The Death of Herod Agrippa" by Robert Graves. An intelligent anthology, though perhaps too insistent on English writers and the English scene.

THE CIVILIZATION OF GREECE AND ROME. By Benjamin Farrington. New People's Library. Gollancz. 1s. 6d.

That the collapse of Classical antiquity was due chiefly to slavery is the main thesis of Professor Farrington's admirable little study. Though much is crowded into a space of 100 pages, the writer's approach is animated and fresh.

THE IRISH DIGEST. Published Monthly, at One Shilling, by C. J. Fallon, Limited, Dublin.

The third number of the *Irish Digest* fully maintains the standards of its predecessors as a conspectus of current events and literature. Its 122 pages contain evidence of industrious research in, and discriminating selection from, a wide field of journalistic and literary publications. As a bedside companion to busy men and women, it is at once entertaining and informative. Condensations from recent works of Sean Ó Faolain, St. John Ervine, Francis Hackett, Stephen Gwynn, Oliver Gogarty, and other well known writers are pleasantly interspersed with extracts from a wide range of daily and weekly newspapers. A happy blend of philosophy and fun, the *Digest*—to quote its editors—aims at the presentation of "miniatures which give a perspective that cannot otherwise be obtained . . . a judicious condensation to preserve the integrity, the sense and import of the original." It is a happy conception, and an achievement of which its authors may justifiably feel proud!

E. A.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,

In the Memoir of Dr. William Maginn by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Redfield, New York, 1857, Dr. Mackenzie states that "the groundwork of every Memoir of Dr. Maginn must necessarily be, up to the present time, that highly interesting notice, accompanying his portrait in the Dublin University Magazine, for January, 1844. The author was Edward Kenealy, now a barrister in London, a native of Cork, like Maginn himself—like him, too, a scholar and a poet—whose friendship cheered the close of his chequered life, whose humanity smoothed the pillow of the dying man of genius—whose considerate affection honoured his memory in death, as it had soothed his sufferings in the sorrow and sickness of closing life."

* * * * "Another biography of Dr. Maginn appeared in the *Irish Quarterly Review*, for September, 1852, written with great kindness of feeling, considerable fulness of detail, admirable candour, and large personal knowledge, friendship, and appreciation."

"True it is," says this biographer, "that in the life of William Maginn, there was no disgrace; the Cork schoolmaster was of that class in which Johnson places Milton, men whom no employment can dishonour, no occupation degrade. But in the morning of life the gay thoughtlessness of his heart bore him, smiling, through many a day of sorrow, and gay and thoughtless he continued to the end of his too brief existence. 'Never making provision for his name,' he is now one of those mind-wrecks who have drifted from 'this bank and shoal of time,' into the wide dark ocean of the world's forgetfulness—his brilliant life-labours uncollected, and but in part known, scattered through the pages of periodical publications, while his grave is neglected, unmarked, and nameless."

This reproach of a grave neglected, unmarked and nameless was referred to by Mr. S. C. Hall in his "Book of Memories," London, 1877, though he himself did nothing to roll it away, and was also drawn attention to by Mr. R. W. Montagu in his "Prose and Verse Miscellanies of Dr. Maginn," London, 1885, and now again by Mr. I. Lyle Donaghy in "The Dublin Magazine." Yet I am happy to say that this reproach *was* at length rolled away in the year 1926 through the efforts of the Irish Literary Society of London and some of Dr. Maginn's descendants and those who were admirers of his genius and character. Though his grave had remained "neglected, unmarked, and nameless" for no less than 84 years, the reproach *was* at length rolled away, as I have said, in the year 1926, when a beautiful Celtic cross of Cornish granite, with a graceful inscription, being an epitaph in verse by Dr. Alfred Percival Graves, President of the London Irish

Literary Society, was erected and unveiled in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames.

The following are the words inscribed on the Memorial :—

Sacred to the memory of
Dr. William Maginn, a man of Letters,
Born in Cork, 10th July, 1794,
Died at Cypress Lodge, the 21st August, 1842.

With Homer and with Shakespeare on the heights
By day he walked : the most “ambrosian nights”
Of Maga found him Master of the Feast ;
Then lesser men to fuller fame increased,
Till darkly toiling for his daily bread,
Too soon, alas ! he bowed his brilliant head ;
Yet in the very shadow of the Cross
Found Heaven’s great gain for all earth’s little loss.

A. P. G.

But God forbid that I should glory
Save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ,
By Whom the world is crucified unto me,
And I unto the world. Galatians vi, 14.

The following are the names of the subscribers to the Memorial :—

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh ; Dr. A. P. Graves, President, Irish Literary Society ; Dr. I. T. Crone, Vice-President, Irish Literary Society ; Mr. T. P. O’Connor, M.P. ; Professor Saintsbury ; Mr. Clement Shorter ; Mr. W. H. Dennehy ; Mr. Evelyn Patrick Scott, grandson ; Mrs. Horniblow and Mrs. Bates, grand-daughters ; Miss Alice E. Maginn and Miss M. C. Maginn, nieces ; Rev. C. A. Maginn, nephew.

With regard to the authorship of the Fairy Legends attributed to Mr. Crofton Croker, Professor Bates, of Queen’s College, Birmingham, the Editor of the “Macilise Portrait Gallery,” Chatto and Windus, London, 1872, in his Notes on Crofton Croker, writes as follows :—“ In literature he is best known by his ‘Fairy Legends of Ireland,’ which first appeared in 1825. This was translated the same year into German, by the brothers Grimm, with an elaborate introduction ; and in 1828 into French, by P. A. Dufan. The second edition was illustrated by etchings after Macilise ; and the work—which was held to constitute its author ‘the honourable member for fairyland’—was afterwards condensed by Murray, for his ‘Family Library,’ in which form we generally see it. Although Croker has somehow managed to get all the credit of the work, it was undoubtedly a composite production, of which it would be difficult now—unless indeed, Mr. Keighley were to help us—to apportion the shares correctly to their different authors. The son of Mr. Croker, in the memoir of his father prefixed to the ‘Walk from London,’ etc., gives no hint that others were concerned in the fabrication of the work ; but a more immediate contemporary, A. A. Watts, is severe upon the subject.

" The authors, indeed, are supposed to have been seven or eight in number —Crofton Croker, Thomas Keighley, Humphries, Dr. Maginn, Lynch and others (C. R. Dodd and S. C. Hall)."

With regard to the *Homeric Ballads*, Dr. Kenealy says that " his fine knowledge of the Greek is best demonstrated by his admirable and witty translations from Lucian and his *Homeric Ballads*, which for antique dignity and faithfulness are unsurpassed by any versions in our language, and will carry his name down to all time with that of Pope ; the one being like a sculptor who relies solely on the simple and unstudied grandeur of the naked figure ; the other resembling a statuary, who enchants every eye by the gorgeous drapery in which he invests the marble, and the picturesque adjuncts with which he surrounds it. Both are entirely distinct, and both inimitable in their way. One is a translation—the other a paraphrase. Those who wish to know what and how Homer wrote, must read Maginn—those who seek to be delighted with the *Iliad*, must peruse Pope." Elsewhere Dr. Kenealy says, " The writings on which he appears to have bestowed most care, were the *Homeric Ballads* ; and for the last few years he was seldom without a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in his room, or on his bed. For those translations, indeed, he felt almost an enthusiasm—and always referred to them with satisfaction."

" When it is asserted or insinuated," says Dr. Mackenzie, " that the brightness and power of Dr. Maginn's mind was dimmed or weakened by excess, a simple denial, based on fact, is sufficient. His really *best* things—the Shakespeare Papers, and *Homeric Ballads*—were the very latest of his productions."

In the obituary notice of Dr. Maginn by Dr. Kenealy to be found in his " *Branaghan, or the Deipnosophists*," London, 1845, he writes as follows :— " Pronounced by a high and amiable authority (Dr. Moir, the far-famed Delta of Blackwood)—' abler than Coleridge,' he lived without attaining the fame of that extraordinary man ; declared by another deep and intellectual observer (Dr. Macnish, the Modern Pythagorean) of his character to be ' quite equal to Swift,' he never achieved the authority in literature, or the renown that mantled round the head of St. Patrick's Dean. But great, indeed, and illustrious must have been the genius, which could thus secure the eulogy of two men whose opinions must carry with them respect and consideration, and whose abilities and virtues vouch for the value and the sincerity of their sentiments."

Speaking of the rhymed epitaph composed by I. G. Lockhart, Professor Saintsbury says that " The mono-rhymed epitaph on ' Bright broken Maginn,' in which some wiseacres have seen ill-nature, but which really is a masterpiece of humorous pathos."

In quoting this epitaph Mr. Lyle Donaghy has omitted some of the most significant verses, *e.g.*,

" And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
' Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin ! '
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin."

Yours, etc.,

C. A. MAGINN.